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## ENGLAND AS A NEUTRAL POWER.

IT cannot be too often repeated or too sedulously remembered that, in every question of international law which arises between us and the Federal Government, we ought to be guided by what we should think it right to concede or demand if the cases were reversed, and if we were at war and the Federals were neutral. It should be our object not to produce any temporary effect on the issue of the present war, but to establish rules founded on clear and definite principles, and calculated to confer the utmost limit of equitable advantage on England whether she is at peace or war. It ought also to be said that considerable allowance should be made for the Government in dealing with intricate and novel points belonging to a branch of law still so hazy and undetermined as that which pretends to fix the respective duties of neutrals and belligerents. No good ground of complaint has yet been established against the course taken by the English Ministers; and, as it is obvious that they have really tried to be fair in their neutrality, that they have striven to keep within the law, and that they have not yielded to popular clamour or to threats from abroad, their errors, if it should turn out they have made any in threading through the subtleties of maritime law, may be treated with indulgence. Lord CARNARVON was only doing his duty as a leading member of the Opposition when he asked for precise information as to the course which Earl RUSSELL has adopted in some of the most conspicuous and disputable cases that have occurred. But Lord RUSSELL was able to give an answer which was very satisfactory on many heads, and which cannot be called wholly unsatisfactory on any. It was easy for him to insist on such elementary propositions of law as that we must acquiesce in the decision of the supreme tribunals of a captor's country, unless we have some ground for bringing a general charge of injustice against the Court, and that a neutral vessel bound for a blockaded port under a colourable neutral destination is exposed to capture. But there was a little more difficulty in dealing with the case of the *Saxon*, and here the decision of Earl RUSSELL must have commended itself to impartial readers. The mate of the *Saxon* was shot by one of the officers of the American vessel that took her. Earl RUSSELL informed the House of Lords that the American Captain expressed his regret at the occurrence, and the offender has been brought to trial at the instance of the English Government. Nothing more could be expected, for it was scarcely likely that Earl RUSSELL should have any official information as to the mode and time of the prisoner's arrest. It was also desirable that the representative of the views of the English Cabinet should publicly disavow the dangerous doctrine that the capture of the *Saxon* was illegal because it was taken within three miles of a spot of land which some local English Governor had claimed for this country, but which the authorities at home had never accepted. We should expose ourselves to endless controversies if we admitted that the unauthorized claims of an American captain or commander to any piece of territory he fancied would bind us to respect that territory as neutral if we were at war, and the Federals were not.

The *Alabama*, however, furnishes an unexhausted crop of legal difficulties, and we may hope that, before long, we shall hear both from Courts of Law and from Ministerial authorities a clear statement of the answers to be given to the main questions which this famous ship has set on foot. No point in connexion with her has been so fiercely and pertinaciously discussed in America as the right to demand compensation from England for the losses which Federal owners have suffered through her depredations. In one sense, the answer to this demand is very simple, for we have distinctly told the Federals that, if they urge the demand from now to doomsday, they will never get a shilling out of us. But it is not quite so clear what is the precise ground on which we rest our refusal. As

Earl RUSSELL puts it, the British Government must decline to be responsible for the acts of parties who fit out a seeming merchant ship, send her to a port or to waters far from the jurisdiction of British courts, and there commission, equip, and man her as a vessel of war. This is a mere description of what happened in the particular case of the *Alabama*, and supplies no materials for laying down a general rule. It might happen that, although the vessel was not fitted out seemingly as a merchantman, and although she was not armed at a distance from English coasts, yet we should decline to be responsible for her subsequent career if she once got safely to sea. It might also happen that a vessel might exactly answer the description given by Lord RUSSELL, and yet, although we should not be answerable as a nation for the acts of the parties, we should be under a clear duty to bring the parties to summary justice if we caught them. There is, we venture to think, only one test by which we can decide when our connexion with and responsibility for a vessel built in England and manned by Englishmen is terminated. This act is the reception by the commander of the vessel of a commission from a belligerent. So long as the vessel is in our ports, and has never got to sea, we can deal with her as we please, and she would continue to be an English ship; but when once she is on the high seas, and is clothed with the new character which a commission gives her, we are no longer responsible for her acts, because we have no control over her. Not to respect on the high seas the commission of a belligerent is an act of war against that belligerent. We could not capture her without a flagrant violation of neutrality, and it is incumbent on the other belligerent to take such measures of war to stop her career as may be in her power. If that other belligerent likes to send a set of old tubs to catch the neatest and fastest ships Messrs. LAIRD can turn out, the fault is the fault of the Power which makes the miscalculation.

But although, when once a vessel, whatever may be its previous history, receives a commission from a belligerent, a neutral can no longer pretend to exercise municipal jurisdiction over that vessel, yet there are ways in which he can make her the subject of a special disapprobation. He may exclude her from his ports altogether, and not allow her to obtain any kind of stores there except in case of urgent distress and peril to life. But he must treat the ships of both sides alike, and must deny admission to all vessels that have been guilty of certain infractions of neutrality. But then the difficulty arises, what are the infractions of neutrality which would justify the exceptional treatment of particular vessels? by what evidence are they to be established, and how long does the character they impart attach to the ship? It is said that, however doubtful the equipment in England of the *Alabama* may be, there can be no doubt that she was manned by a crew enlisted in contravention of the English statute. But if she is to be excluded from British ports for this, what are we to do with the Federal vessel which a few weeks ago was enlisting seamen on the south coast of Ireland? If we exclude one vessel, we ought to exclude the other. And although the neutral, if he acts at all, is, so far as other Governments go, allowed to act on what evidence he pleases, yet it is obvious that it would be a source of the most harassing difficulty to the English Government if it were exposed to the solicitations of belligerents imploring it to issue special edicts against the ships of their enemy, on the strength of statements made by the applicant and never sifted in a Court of law. Nor is it easy to say how long a ship may be justifiably placed under such a ban. The vessel of a belligerent which was using a neutral port as a station for cruising to intercept prizes might be sent out of the port, but if she went to any other port, and there behaved discreetly, her fault would be considered to have been purged. A vessel of war that had come to England and

there enlisted men who, by joining her, violated the Foreign Enlistment Act, might reasonably be held to be condemned to exclusion for a longer time; and a vessel like the *Alabama*, which took almost the whole of her original crew from England, might have a still longer term of punishment. But as all other grounds of special exclusion from British ports would cease to operate in time, so in principle, it would appear, ought the ground of exclusion in such cases as that of the *Alabama*.

If the neutral may exclude the vessel of a belligerent from his harbours, so also may he exclude the prizes of that vessel, just as he may declare that no prizes shall be brought into his ports at all. We have forbidden either belligerent in the American war to bring any prizes into our ports, and therefore if the *Alabama* had brought the *Conrad*—since called the *Tuscaloosa*—as a prize into a British port at the Cape, both the captor and the prize might have been sent out at once to sea again. A still further step might have been taken, and the prize might have been detained as having been taken by a ship sent to sea in defiance of the English Foreign Enlistment Act. At least this appears to be the doctrine laid down in the leading American case on the subject; and if the doctrine were supported in England, as it probably would be, the *Tuscaloosa*, if retaining its character of a merchant vessel, ought clearly to be restored to its former Federal owners on the authority of the case of the *Santissima Trinidad*, as soon as the illegal equipment of the *Alabama* was made out to the satisfaction of an English tribunal. But the *Tuscaloosa* has been employed as a vessel of war by the Confederates; and if she has received a regular commission, it will be difficult to distinguish her case from that of the *Alabama* herself. She is, in that case, a vessel of war, and exempt from the jurisdiction of any nation in whose ports she may be lying. If we could detain her, we could detain the *Alabama* also; and if we could legally detain the *Alabama*, and refused or omitted to do so, it would be impossible to say that the Federal Government would not have a good claim against us for compensation. Nor, perhaps, is a commission necessary to exempt her from our jurisdiction. The English decisions on what is meant by setting forth a prize as a vessel of war seem to show that a prize is to be treated as a vessel of war belonging to the country of the captor, if it has been armed and is employed in the public military service of the enemy by persons having competent authority, although it be not regularly commissioned. That the *Tuscaloosa* has been armed and employed in the Confederate service is beyond doubt, and its fate will therefore probably depend on the question whether Captain SEMMES, of the *Alabama*, had competent authority to order that it should be so employed.

#### DENMARK AND GERMANY.

SINCE the passage of the Pruth by the Russian army in 1853, no feeling of irritation has been so strong or so general in England as that which has been caused by the invasion of Schleswig. To a certain extent, the general excitement is founded on a mistake, for Austria and Prussia had a technical ground of war, and Germany had a legitimate quarrel with Denmark. There is, however, no doubt that the occupation of Schleswig is a harsh if not an unjustifiable act, or that the Great German Powers are fighting in a cause which they have not even heartily adopted. If there were any use in moral criticism on the acts of foreign Governments, it would be easy to repeat and expand the numerous expositions of Austrian inconsistency and of Prussian perfidy. Englishmen, however, are principally concerned with the duties and interests of their own country; and as there is no necessity for a German war, it may perhaps be well to abstain from superfluously expressing hostile sentiments. England would have no interest in the dispute between Germany and Denmark if the unfortunate Treaty of 1852 had not pledged the Government to a certain rule of succession. As the obligation cannot be explained away, it is probably right to urge upon the other parties to the contract the propriety of fulfilling their engagements; and it fortunately happens that two Powers which are equally bound by the ill-omened compact have secured for themselves absolute control over the entire controversy. With Federal Germany it would have been difficult to argue, and preposterous to fight. It is far easier to deal with Austria and Prussia, which recognise as fully as England the succession of the King of DENMARK to the disputed Duchies. Up to the present time, neither Power can be accused of a breach of faith. The Emperor of AUSTRIA informed the Council of the

Empire that the war was only intended to secure certain concessions, and Marshal WRANGLER publicly proclaims in Schleswig that the independent government which the German population demands must be made compatible with the title of CHRISTIAN IX. In Holstein the Prussians have superseded the Federal army of execution, and it is generally understood in Germany that the war is intended rather to restore the political supremacy of the Great Powers than to extend the frontiers of the Confederacy, or to affirm the principle of nationality.

Continental rulers have, from the days of FREDERICK the GREAT, habitually persuaded themselves that they belong to the military profession, and soldiers naturally consider fighting one of the most legitimate occupations. The Emperor of AUSTRIA has been drilling and reviewing from his earliest youth, and he has even nominally commanded his army in one great and disastrous battle. The credit which his troops have gained in the pursuit of the small Danish force may probably be considered an equivalent for the loss of several hundred men in battle, and for the consignment of a larger number to the hospital. To the King of PRUSSIA the opportunity of providing his troops with occupation was, on various grounds, especially acceptable, and a victory would have encouraged him to oppose the popularity of the army to the dissatisfaction of successive Parliaments. Fortune has not yet favoured his aspirations, for the people of Berlin are more likely to laugh at Prince FREDERICK's proclamations than to regard the trifling cannonade at Missunde as an heroic achievement. There is consequently some reason to fear that useless bloodshed may take place, at Düppel or in Alsens, for the purpose of accumulating a certain quantity of the commodity which is known as glory. In the present quarrel, the KING is believed to be more violent than his Minister, and, if conflicting orders are given, the Generals will be eager to display their personal devotion to the Crown. The suspicion of treacherous designs on the Duchies is probably unfounded. The KING, though he is wrongheaded, is not deliberately dishonest, and, if he wavers in his fidelity to the obligations of the Treaty of 1852, it may be assumed that he inclines to favour the claims of the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG. As far as obscure and complicated motives can be interpreted, it may be conjectured that the Prussian army is fighting in Denmark against the pretensions of the minor States, and incidentally for the repression of Parliamentary encroachments at home. It is hard upon the Danes to make them pay the cost of enterprises in which they have no concern, although their own rashness and obstinacy have provided the enemy with a pretext for attack.

The more zealous assailants of the German nation and its policy are perhaps beginning to discover that they are engaged in a triangular controversy with the belligerent Powers and the remaining members of the Confederacy. Every patriot in Germany volubly denounces Austria and Prussia for refusing to perform the very acts of which they are almost as loudly accused in England. The universal unpopularity of their measures may tend to show that they have been mistaken, but the charge of complicity with Denmark implies a belief that the two Great Powers have not repudiated their obligations under the treaty. The worst enemies of the Emperor NICHOLAS abstained, on the eve of the Crimean war, from asserting that he had a secret and corrupt understanding with Turkey. The suspicions entertained in Germany are perhaps justified by the wish of Austria and Prussia to adopt some middle course by which the war may be terminated with apparent success. They will probably propose a personal union of the Duchies with the Crown of Denmark, and a renewal of the old administrative connexion between Schleswig and Holstein. If the Danes were willing to accept the arrangement, the engagements of 1852 would be satisfied, while the concessions extorted by arms would only affect the settlement of 1850 and 1851, to which the Great Powers of Europe were not ostensibly parties. The London Treaty purported to provide for the continued subjection of the Duchies to the Danish Crown, and it included no stipulation relating to internal government or constitution. Austria and Prussia may, therefore, perform their obligations in letter and spirit, and yet they may demand a considerable sacrifice on the part of Denmark as the price of peace. It may be said that they are making an oppressive use of superior force, but it has never been the practice of England to guarantee the universal prevalence of peace and justice on the Continent. The invasion of Spain by the French army in 1824, the restoration of FERDINAND I. by the Austrians in 1821, the conquest of Poland by NICHOLAS in 1831, the atrocities practised in the same country during the last year, were severally more in-



excusable than the harsh enforcement of legal claims which has given Austria and Prussia an excuse for preferring further demands as conditions of peace. In days when more warlike traditions prevailed, it was always admitted that English interference on the Continent could only be justified either by a violation of treaty rights or by the necessity of maintaining the balance of power. It was also a material consideration with statesmen, whether the proposed object of hostilities was a dangerous rival or a natural ally. It would be childish to engage in a quarrel with Germany, and afterwards, when the mischief was irreparable, to discover that a war had been waged for the purpose of facilitating the aggressions of another and more restless Power. For the present, Austria and Prussia threaten no disturbance of territorial boundaries, and Englishmen have no concern with the administration of Schleswig or of Holstein.

There is too much reason to fear that the Danes will reject the overtures which might lead to an early termination of the war. They are naturally indignant; they are mortified by the surrender of the Dannewerke; and they perhaps calculate that the enemy has done his worst by overrunning Schleswig and holding Jutland at his mercy. In the hope of profiting by their superior naval force, they have rashly declared war against the whole Confederacy, by ordering their officers to seize all German ships, although they may be neither Prussian nor Austrian. Their position in the island of Alsén may, perhaps, be impregnable to an adversary who has not the means of commanding the sea. The purely Danish islands are absolutely safe from attack; and, above all, the nation is indomitably brave and characteristically obstinate. English counsels are not at the present moment welcome at Copenhagen; but if it is possible to obtain a hearing, every effort ought to be made to recommend prudence and moderation. It is true that the invading armies may be defeated, but there is no hope that they can be expelled from Schleswig. After six months of war, and, above all, after a Danish victory, Austria and Prussia might find an excuse for preferring larger demands, especially as the pressure of German opinion is becoming every day more formidable. The strongest argument which can be used will be the unpalatable assurance that English aid is not to be expected. If there were any question as to the expediency of abstaining from interference, the doubt might be dispelled by the language and attitude of the French Government, which was bound, like England, by the terms of the Treaty of Succession. The conflict in Schleswig was absurdly quoted as an illustration of the expediency of a Congress, although it proved the utter inefficacy of a treaty to which all the Great Powers were parties. While France stood aloof, every effort was made to urge England into some precipitate action by taunts against alleged unwillingness to support diplomacy by force. It is now significantly hinted that France, after administering a wholesome moral lesson, is ready to condone the past on condition of hearty co-operation. It is thought, perhaps, that the minor German States will not be induced to accept a French Protectorate, and that much would be gained by creating a permanent hostility between England and Germany. It is in the highest degree fortunate that the Emperor NAPOLEON was disposed, either through policy or under the influence of temper, to remain neutral at the commencement of the Danish quarrel. It might have been difficult to refuse joint action in support of the treaty, and an alliance against Germany would have been an unqualified evil. It would have been on all accounts less objectionable to engage in a war with Russia on behalf of Poland than to alienate Austria, Prussia, and the rest of the Confederation. The spectacle of purposeless bloodshed is annoying, but the confusion would only be rendered universal if the bystanders were to take part in the fray.

#### THE WIRE-PULLERS.

ONE of the most curious features of the politics of the present day is that political parties appear to accede to power principally for the purpose of doing that to which they particularly object. Six years ago, the Conservatives furnished a memorable illustration of the inability of statesmen to resist this stern necessity, when they girded themselves to the task of framing a Reform Bill. Since that time, the instances have been supplied by the Liberal party. Lord PALMERSTON was their chosen leader, and it has been chiefly by his popularity and by the confidence which he has inspired, that the tenure of office by that party has been so prolonged. It is seldom that an English states-

man has enjoyed a supremacy apparently so undisputed. Yet few statesmen have been so little their own masters. The discretion of those who are acquainted with his private opinions is far from being faultless, and therefore his personal views upon each successive question of the day have been perfectly notorious. It is well known that he objected to Reform, that he was deeply averse to the repeal of the Paper Duty, that he lays great store upon the maintenance of our military force, and that he is a decided partisan of Denmark. Yet, being in a position almost autocratic, upholding the Ministry by his single hand, he has been forced upon each of these subjects to advocate a course of policy precisely the reverse of that which he preferred. He was forced to bring in a Reform Bill, and to strain his political strength in order to repeal the Paper Duty; and now he has been compelled to consent to a reduction of the army and navy, and to acquiesce in a pacific policy upon the Danish question. Something of the same phenomenon, though not so strongly marked, may be traced upon the Opposition side of the House, at least in questions of foreign policy. The mass of the Opposition appear to be Confederate and Danish in their sympathies, while Lord DERBY, though professedly holding the same views, is evidently bent on preventing any action on the part of his own followers by which either the Federals or the Germans might be damaged.

The remarkable part of this secret influence—this sublimity Providence which shapes men's ends, rough-hew them how they will—is that its operations are all in one direction. They all act for the benefit of the opinions entertained by what used to be called the Manchester School. Of course such an inference could not be drawn from the line taken upon any single question. Accidental considerations might determine a politician to abandon his own predilections in any particular case. But when a similar accident happens a great many times, and always benefits the same people, it is natural to conclude that they have something to do with it. Take the individual questions separately, and it may be said that the course into which the leading statesmen seem to have been forced against their will was acceptable to many people who had no sympathy with the Manchester School. There are many who hold that Germany is in the right in the present quarrel. There are some Federal sympathizers, some economists, and some enthusiasts for the repeal of the Paper Duty, who have no sort of leaning to the opinions of Mr. BRIGHT. It is the aggregate of cases that provokes suspicion. It is evident that the figures we see are moved by wires, and that somehow or other those wires find their way into the hands, if not of Mr. BRIGHT, at least of those who resemble him closely in opinion. The public are a good deal puzzled by the attitude which both the opposing parties are assuming. A spell of impotence appears to have stricken them both. The blunders of the Government are infinite, but no notice is taken of them by the Opposition. The Opposition is apathetic and seemingly powerless, but the Government dread to venture on any decisive policy either at home or abroad. The state of things is so unnatural, and so unlike the characters of the men by whom the two great parties are led, that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that some invisible power has been actively at work. The secret history of the last two or three years is as perplexing to the present generation as the secret history of the first ten years of the reign of GEORGE III. was to those who were living at that time. It will not be fully explained to the world till the distant day shall come when the "TEMPLE" or the "STANLEY" papers shall be given by some pious descendant to mankind.

But without affecting to believe that all mysteries can be cleared up now, it is worth while to cast a glance at the curious position occupied by two statesmen who were once prominent, and are still distinguished. Mr. MILNER GIBSON and Lord STANLEY are two very remarkable instances in politics of what chemists would call power rendered latent. They were once men of considerable mark. Mr. GIBSON was the maker and unmaker of Ministries. Lord STANLEY, praised by Conservatives for his father's sake, and by Liberals for his own, was looked on as the future national statesman, under whose leadership all parties should forget their differences. In fact, he was supposed to be the impersonation of a coming millennium, in which the Radical should lie down with the Tory, and the Protestant should put his hand upon the Irish Papist's den, and a county member should lead them. But since the reaction against Mr. BRIGHT commenced, and the extreme unpopularity of the Manchester School became an unquestionable fact, both these rising luminaries have been clouded by an impenetrable haze. What they are now in point of opinion no one knows. That they were once professors, more or less pronounced, of

the Manchester religion, is matter of history. Mr. MILNER GIBSON is still apostrophized in passionate periods by Mr. BRIGHT as the one true patriot of a recreant Ministry, and still offers to his constituency at their yearly meeting a diluted preparation of his earlier creed. Lord STANLEY is still claimed by the *Westminster Review*, even in its most recent number, as the staunch representative of those opinions which that able organ sustains with so much tenacity. But these are frail foot-holds for any confident conjecture. It may be that Mr. GIBSON is by this time an intense Palmerstonian, and is animated by patriotic impulse almost to the point of talking big about British honour in the House of Commons, like his chief. It may be that Lord STANLEY has petrified into a squire, and even believes, in a limited sense, in the utility of the Established Church. For aught that either of these gentlemen has said in the last year or two, any hypothesis touching the state of their opinions, however extravagant, is still within the bounds of possibility. The only point that is difficult of explanation is their absolute retirement. They were once ambitious; has that passion lost its spell? They were once fond of power; has power no fascination for them now? Genuine abdications are always difficult to believe in. History furnishes a few instances where they were unquestionably sincere; but they have generally been only masks for the desire to retain the reality of power, while parting with the dangerous and invidious show.

It is impossible to deny the fascinations that must attach to the position of wire-puller. The pomp and pageantry of power have charms only for vulgar minds. The refined enjoyment of it consists in the ignorance of those over whom it is exercised. To look upon your fellow-creatures as puppets, whom you are managing through the instrumentality of a great big puppet to whom they give the name of leader, must be a very gratifying position to a cynical and lazy mind. There are independent county members, and proud heirs of aristocratic houses, who follow Lord PALMERSTON implicitly, believing him to be as proud and independent as themselves. How Mr. GIBSON must chuckle to think that these men would sooner resign their seats than accept a policy or a reduction of armaments from his hands, and that yet the intrigues which he can bring to bear upon the perplexed and worn-out old man are really bending all those haughty Whigs to his will! Lord STANLEY's position is more peculiar, but it is less enviable, because he cannot be said to have won it for himself. His influence is dependent on personal relationship, and can probably only be relied upon when reinforced from other quarters. But it may fairly be questioned whether positions of this kind are not preferable to any eminence which political exertions can confer. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER is the stay and support of the Ministry in debate; but it is doubtful whether he exercises a tithe of the influence upon the course of current events which is wielded by Mr. MILNER GIBSON. It used to be a favourite doctrine of theorists, that the intrigue, which was the chief accomplishment of courtiers, would become obsolete with the disappearance of absolute monarchy. Modern experience teaches a different lesson. In every Constitution there will be from time to time powerful men upon whose decision the policy of nations will turn; and these will fall into the hands of the "wire-pullers," who occupy the place and succeed by the special talents of the courtiers of old time. Influences of that kind are naturally most powerful when those who are subject to them are too feeble or too indolent to resist. They can only endure in their full operation for a limited time, because, when their existence is discovered, they make a dominion intolerable that would be otherwise contentedly borne. The power which can be exercised from the backstairs is only available so long as it is unsuspected; but so long as that happy interval lasts it is perhaps fuller, as well as safer, than any other kind of power.

#### AUSTRIA.

THE speech with which the Emperor of AUSTRIA closed the Session of the Reichsrath was probably meant to assure his subjects that he was still determined to try the experiment of constitutional government, and to inform Europe that, in spite of all appearances, Austria has not meant to break the peace, or even to hurt the Danes by invading their country and shooting them. The Session itself has not been marked by anything of interest. The pressure of the German deputies was severe enough to force Austria into a policy from which its Government may be supposed to recoil, and it is obvious that, so long as the Reichsrath is composed as it is at present, the influence of the German element must be supreme

in it. If the theory of the Constitution were reduced to practice, and the central representative body represented Hungary, Venetia, and Croatia, the Germans would no longer preponderate, and on many subjects the EMPEROR might find his Parliament opposed to the line of policy which, as the head of a great German Power, he might wish to follow. The presence of the Transylvanian deputies is said, in his speech, to have given him great satisfaction, but the satisfaction must have been secretly diminished by the recollection that the deputies present were due to an ingenious electoral arrangement by which representation was dissevered from the possession of local wealth and importance. The Provincial Diets of the greater portion of the Austrian Empire have been summoned to meet, but Transylvania is still ranked with Hungary, Croatia, and Venetia, and its local assemblies are forbidden. The chasm between Vienna and all but the German subjects of the Empire seems still as wide as ever. The consequence is that the Lower Chamber is animated with an exclusive wish to ally itself to Germany, although it is due to its members to say that they never display the slightest animosity towards the inhabitants of the provinces which refuse to send deputies, and the Galician members obtained a favourable and patient hearing when they pleaded the cause of the Polish subjects of the Austrian Crown. The Reichsrath, imperfect and incomplete as it is, has indisputable recommendations, and the EMPEROR may be right when he speaks of its institution as having given new life to the Empire. It has at least introduced some order and publicity into the statements of Austrian finance, and has inspired a conviction that the monetary affairs of the Empire will be put, if possible, on a sensible and straightforward footing. It has also encouraged the political activity and independence of some of the larger towns of German Austria, and especially of Vienna itself. But it does not represent the Austrian Empire; and no approximation has been made to solving the great difficulty of reconciling the position of Austria as a constitutional country, giving an active and adequate expression to the feelings and interests of all its provinces, with the position of Austria as a leading German Power.

The movement which has carried Austria and Prussia into Schleswig-Holstein gains daily in indirect importance, even if the war itself appears likely to assume smaller dimensions than was supposed at first. The Germans are proud of acting together and of showing their strength as a nation. They are doing what Spain did a short time ago, when she attempted to revive her old military reputation at the expense of the Moors. After the Moors had been cut to pieces sufficiently to cover Spain with a thin sprinkling of glory, the Spaniards were induced to try other enterprises, and were even willing, only that their big friend stepped in the way, to venture on the dangerous and costly experiment of setting up a Spanish monarchy in Mexico. German enthusiasm will find other outlets for itself after the Schleswig-Holstein business is settled, and it is quite a mistake to suppose that a nation flushed with success and with the consciousness of power will be disturbed by the criticisms of outsiders who point out that its triumphs have been obtained under circumstances where victory was not much honour, or in defiance of justice and treaties. Germany finds itself much stronger than it was, and exults in the discovery. Any national enterprise in which its power over foreigners could be displayed would have attractions for the mass, and Italy may not improbably be destined to furnish the next battle-ground for the aspirations of Germany. It is said that, in return for the assistance rendered in the Danish Duchies, Prussia is willing to help Austria if an attack on Venetia is made or provoked. If this were a mere arrangement of the Courts, little importance need be attached to it, and it is perhaps nearer the truth to suppose that no explicit agreement on the point has been made. The Prussian Chamber not long ago declared that the security of Austria in Italy was no concern of the KING and people of Prussia; and although the Prussian Court might, out of its own resources, make a demonstration in favour of Austria at the outset of a war with Italy, it could not carry on any serious operations without the concurrence of the people. In the same way, when the EMPEROR, at the Congress of Frankfurt, proposed last summer that Germany should give Austria a practical guarantee for her Italian and Hungarian possessions, the minor Princes positively refused. Neither Prussians nor Germans wished to have anything to do with the maintenance of Austria in Hungary or Italy. But now things are changed, and Austria, having acted to some extent in accordance with the wishes of Germany, having spent money and sacrificed lives in a quarrel dear above all others to the national mind, has



appealed to a sentiment which will act powerfully throughout the Confederation, and it may easily come to be considered an object of importance for all Germany that the Quadrilateral should be retained in the hands of a German Power. The Reichsrath has also learned to associate itself with Germany and German policy, and as it might be trusted to support the EMPEROR heartily if he entered on a war with Italy, it would at once encourage the general body of Germans to pronounce in favour of Austria, and would derive encouragement and an increased intensity of its own German character from the reception its policy would meet with in the greater part of the German States. Austria, having earned the goodwill of Prussia, having taught Germans to see in wars conducted on their behalf by the leading States the best and only means of giving strength to Germany as a whole, and supported by the sanction of its own representative body, would enter on an Italian war with great and obvious advantages. There is, indeed, only one great drawback to all this, and it is that if Germany at large helps Austria, France must necessarily, for her own sake, help Italy. Of course, this is seen at Vienna as clearly as any where else, but the EMPEROR and his advisers may probably think that the only way to keep France quiet during an Italian war is to convince her that, if she stirs, she will have to deal with united Germany; or they may be of opinion that, in any case, France is sure to help Italy if the Italians pay for the help, and that therefore it is idle to calculate merely as if the quarrel would be between Italy and Austria only.

Whether this quarrel is to be fought out this spring no man living can tell. It is said, on the one hand, that Austria, conscious that she has now a very fine army, reckoning that she had better use the assistance of Germany while the service for which she claims it is fresh and recent, and also aware that the consolidation and internal improvement of the Empire cannot go on further until the Hungarians and Venetians are convinced that an irrevocable fate binds them to their present masters, is anxious to provoke the contest and to get a disagreeable thing over as soon as possible. If France could but be kept out of the way, it might be prudent in Austria to enter on an Italian war at once. England would merely express in the strongest terms her abhorrence of so monstrous a disturbance of the peace of Europe, get a good snubbing in return, and retire to discuss the treatment of criminal lunatics and the proper fees of Parliamentary counsel. Austria must some day fight Italy for Venetia, and it is difficult to see what Austria gains by delay. On the other hand, Italy has its strong reasons for desiring war. It has an army with which it literally does not know what to do, but which, so long as Austria holds Venetia and the Quadrilateral, it is impossible to reduce. Italy has very little choice in the matter if it is to exist at all as a great kingdom. For the Austrians, commanding Lombardy, and longing for an opportunity to crush in the bud the opposition which Italy can make to her, would easily find a pretext for over-running Italy and crushing its army if only a small Italian army existed to repel the attack. It is true that France might possibly help Italy if in extremity, but then it could exact what price it pleased as the reward of the help it gave, and to lean exclusively on French aid would make Italy a mere dependent and tool of France. A nation forced into such a position would despise itself, lose confidence in its destiny, and fade away before the breath of any great calamity. Both Austria and Italy have therefore their reasons for desiring war, and it does not make much difference which Power has taken the initiative in the concentration of troops that is now going on. The opinion of England will probably not affect the decision of the parties as to the expediency of beginning open war, and that decision will depend on the hopes held out by France to Italy, and on the success of Austria in her endeavours to secure the support of united Germany. Both sides are, or pretend to be, confident of success, and M. MAZZINI, in answer to those who doubt the strength of Italy, has issued an elaborate calculation to show that Italy can send a hundred thousand more men into the field than Austria can. We cannot but feel some doubts as to the accuracy of his estimates, for he reckons that Austria would be obliged to retain nearly a hundred thousand men in order to fulfil her duties to the German Federation; but if in a moment of danger she omitted to do all her duties to the Federation, it is difficult to say who in Germany would care or dare to reproach her. But, at any rate, there are plenty of men to fight on both sides, and no one doubts that both Austria and Italy could each send into the field two hundred thousand men to try a great assault of arms for the prize of Venice.

#### PRIVATE BILL LEGISLATION.

THE debate of last Tuesday on Private Bill Legislation was more important than the resolutions which were passed without opposition. It appears that, on the whole, the House of Commons is not prepared to relinquish its jurisdiction, and it must necessarily choose between keeping it and parting with it altogether. No fiction can be more idle than the device of passing an annual Bill to confirm the decisions of an independent tribunal or of an executive board. Those persons who may be aggrieved by provisional orders are wholly without redress, unless they can show that the subordinate department has exceeded its powers. An effective appeal to either House of Parliament would involve a fresh hearing, and it would therefore defeat the whole object of the reference to a separate authority. When the Inclosure Commission was established, Parliament, intentionally or unconsciously, decided in the affirmative the question whether all the wastes in the kingdom should be inclosed. The Commissioners, on compliance with certain conditions, always approve of the application for an inclosure, and under the provisions of that Act whole counties have been authorized within four or five years to inclose their commons, which in some instances formed a large portion of their surface. As there is little difference of opinion among the landowners and manorial lords who alone possess a legal interest in the soil of wastes, the same result would probably have been attained more slowly, and at a greater expense, under the ancient process of legislation. If the practical decision has been just and expedient, it must evidently have been desirable to simplify the method of inclosure. There may probably be subjects of Parliamentary legislation which might equally admit of technical superintendence as opposed to judicial investigation; but unless a principle is capable of being laid down to govern all special cases, a tribunal of some kind which hears argument and evidence in public is the only alternative of the grossest unfairness and of systematic jobbery.

The question whether counsel shall be heard depends on the more general principle of impartial inquiry. If witnesses are called, they will be most effectually examined by those who have made it their business to conduct litigated cases. The waste of time and the confusion which result from irregular modes of examination are appreciated by every person who has exercised the smallest judicial function. Every Court of Quarter Sessions which has sufficient business to attract a bar, for its own convenience gives pre-audience to counsel. As a general rule, an advocate takes up half the time which would be occupied by an attorney, and an attorney is, in a much larger proportion, more concise than any but a highly-educated layman. No wise judge willingly examines witnesses himself. Both litigants possess between them a complete knowledge of every case, while the Court is at the mercy of witnesses who are sometimes unwilling and often unable to tell their own story. When both sides have been heard, it may safely be assumed that no farther materials for a decision are forthcoming. Parliamentary Committees have never given exclusive audience to counsel, and the only reason for the employment of barristers in the conduct of Private Bills is the opinion of their clients that it is their interest to present their cases to the Committee in the most advantageous manner. Parliamentary agents and solicitors frequently conduct inquiries of minor importance, and it is only at their own choice or by the wish of their principals that they ever deliver a brief. For precisely the same reason, counsel are generally engaged in arbitrations and in compensation cases, at an expense which nearly corresponds with the usual Parliamentary tariff. It is only by vexatious and wanton legislation that the Bar can be excluded from the functions which it has appropriated to itself in the general division of labour.

One of the most popular arguments against Parliamentary jurisdiction is expressed in the form of a demand for uniformity of decision. It is asserted with much truth that some Railway Bills are passed and that others are rejected, that amalgamations are neither uniformly approved nor systematically condemned, and more especially that competing lines are liable to the general uncertainty. It might be added that some Bills ought to be passed and that others are rightly dismissed, and that the expediency of competition and of amalgamation depends on the particular facts of the case. The analogous verdicts of juries are similarly deficient in the virtue of uniformity. Those capricious bodies find sometimes for the plaintiff and sometimes for the defendant; nor is it the practice in Guildhall to hold that the insurer shall always recover against the underwriter, or that he shall

always be deprived of the benefit of his policy. The merits of bills and of petitions vary as much as those of causes *ad nisi prius*, and they involve a special ground of uncertainty in the necessary exclusion of all legal considerations. An application to Parliament assumes that a change of law is desirable, and that the rights and duties of the parties shall be modified. Uniformity of decision on questions of expediency, depending on circumstances which perpetually vary, is only practicable at the expense of justice and of the public interest. The fact that a railway has been sanctioned in Yorkshire is not a reason for making a railway in Kent. To form a sound decision it is necessary to inquire whether the project is likely to pay, whether it entails disproportionate injury to private property, and whether the traffic which it proposes to carry is already provided with reasonable accommodation. The House of Commons, on Tuesday last, threw out on the second reading a Bill for an independent railway from London to Brighton, on the reasonable ground that a similar scheme had been last year rejected by a Select Committee after full investigation. It would be absurd to argue that the decision was inconsistent with the sanction which was given some years ago to a second line from London to Dover. The only general principle which applies to both cases is the rule that two lines ought not to be made for the exclusive purpose of conveying the traffic for which one would be sufficient. It is a proper and necessary subject for inquiry whether the intermediate districts require a communication which may incidentally connect the terminal points. The London and North-Western, the Great Northern, and the Midland Railway Companies severally possess independent routes from London to Manchester. Uniformity of decision would perhaps exclude two out of the three on the utterly irrelevant pretext that a new line is not required through the unpeopled districts of East Sussex. On the same evening, and for the same reason of deference to the judgment of a former Committee, the House of Commons also rejected a Bill for a great amalgamation of Scotch railways. Yet the London and North-Western Company has been authorized to make 1,200 miles of railway, the North-Eastern and the Great Eastern systems have absorbed scores of petty lines, and in the last Session the Great Western was amalgamated with the West Midland and with the South Wales Companies. The verdict was in some instances for the plaintiff, and in others for the defendant, and there is no proof that in either case it was wrong. If, indeed, the tribunal had decided, as a Government department would probably decide, without hearing the parties interested, even an accidentally right conclusion would not have redeemed the essential iniquity of the transaction.

In the entire absence of legal controversy, it is a question whether the complicated examination of litigated facts could be entrusted to a more competent tribunal than a Parliamentary Committee under an experienced chairman. It might perhaps be expedient to increase the authority of the chairman, and to reduce the number of his assessors. It is also competent to Parliament to relinquish the entire jurisdiction, notwithstanding the anomaly of investing an inferior authority with a discretion which is essentially legislative. The worst of all possible expedients would be the transference of Parliamentary powers from an impartial public authority to some obscure and irresponsible functionary in the Board of Trade. Nothing simplifies litigation so effectually as a refusal to hear the parties concerned, and an official abridgment of decisions which now depend on evidence would assuredly neither command nor deserve public confidence. Of the utter incompetence of one of Mr. GIBSON's advisers no better illustration can be given than the monstrous proposal to exclude competition from the grounds on which a railway may be opposed. In nine cases out of ten there is no question of nearly equal importance, and the new Brighton line was thrown out, notwithstanding the unanimous support of the landowners, because it was principally intended to abstract the traffic of the existing Company. It may be doubted, notwithstanding the popular opinion, whether any competing line which is already authorized has been really unnecessary for the public convenience; but a project which would invite speculators into every railway district in the kingdom would be far more extravagant than the supposed abuses which are said to prevail.

In substance, it will be necessary to choose between the French and English systems, and it is scarcely probable that the control of millions upon millions will be entrusted to the decision of a few clerks in a back office. Several of Lord DALHOUSIE's reports were copied from the memorials of one

of the interested parties who contrived to get the ear of some subordinate functionary. One of those documents condemned the scheme of the Great Northern Railway, which now pays seven or eight per cent., and which was then strongly opposed by Mr. HUDSON. The French railways have cost 36,000*l.* a mile, and some of the main lines have realized extraordinary profits; but in the course of the last year it was discovered that the greater part of the authorized branch lines would be abandoned, unless the Government consented to revise and remodel the contracts into which they had entered. Against the cheaper fares and rates of the Continent must be set off the incomparably superior accommodation supplied by the lines which intersect almost every corner of England. The whole subject, however, of the railway system is much larger than the simple question of the most advantageous system of legislative and judicial sanction.

#### THE MUTILATED DESPATCH.

FOR some time past the practice has prevailed among English politicians of making their speeches, either in Parliament or at public dinners, do the work of a rougher and more plain-spoken diplomacy. The custom has its conveniences. It enables Ministers to convey menaces to foreign Powers which could not be embodied in a despatch without provoking an instant declaration of war. But it requires to be used sparingly, and it is only safe in the hands of men who know their own minds, and are prepared to stand by what they have said. It is decidedly a dangerous practice for Ministers who are naturally prone to blustering. It is very easy to say a few words too much in the heat of speaking, and to produce an effect by those words which may be regretted, but cannot be recalled. Lord PALMERSTON last year announced to the world that, if Germany invaded Denmark, she would find that Denmark was not alone. Denmark believed the promise; Germany despised it; and events have proved that Germany was in the right. But that discovery has not tended to elevate the position which England occupies abroad. Lord PALMERSTON has been compelled to eat his own words, or at least to set up Mr. GLADSTONE to explain them, which comes to exactly the same thing. If, before he gave a promise which he had not made up his mind to keep, he had been forced to write down the words in a rough copy, and then to have them copied out by a clerk, and then submitted to his colleagues for revision, he never would have been compelled to undergo the humiliating process of hearing Mr. GLADSTONE expound them in a non-natural sense. He would also have been spared the consciousness that he has encouraged a gallant people to shed their blood in a hopeless struggle on the faith of words which have turned out to be a mere flourish of debate. But the habit of a long life probably enables him to bear this reflection with much philosophy. Lord PALMERSTON, however, has not been the greatest sufferer by the practice of conducting diplomacy by speeches. Lord RUSSELL has incurred a heavier disgrace, though he can plead in extenuation circumstances of greater temptation. Lord PALMERSTON erred in the full light of day, and amid the depressing influences of a thinly-attended morning sitting. Lord RUSSELL's slip took place amid the more exciting influences of Scotch hospitality, and no doubt after an unwonted experience of the potency of the national stimulant. What the influences were which were operating upon his mind at the close of the Blairgowrie festival it is, of course, difficult to decide. The abundance of salmon with which that fortunate district is blessed may have had something to do with it. Whatever the cause was, there is no doubt that Lord RUSSELL selected the Blairgowrie festival as a favourable opportunity for taking a gigantic diplomatic stride. The absence of restraining colleagues and remonstrant clerks exercised, no doubt, an encouraging effect. Under these influences he announced that, so far as regarded Poland, the Treaty of Vienna was abrogated. This was a step to which, during the Session, the Government had been urged in vain. It is difficult to see the exact advantage which it was expected to confer on Poland. A treaty more or less would make a feeble impression on the minds of MOURAVIEFF and BERG. But still it had been pressed by the extremist friends of Poland, and this Blairgowrie announcement conceded the very utmost that they were inclined to demand. Of course it was received with great joy. The value which the Poles attached to it was spoken of with some perplexity the other night, and the PRIME MINISTER appeared to think them infatuated in desiring it. But their opinion rests on perfectly intelligible grounds. They knew very well that Russia would regard it as an hostile act, and



that a breach between Russia and some one of the Western Powers afforded the best chance of their insurrection terminating otherwise than in disastrous failure.

Whatever the feelings of the Polish sympathizers might be, however, very different feelings were tearing the breast of the unhappy FOREIGN SECRETARY. The excitement of a Blairgowrie evening does not last for ever. The morning came at last, and with it came reflection. No doubt he felt some of that sinking of the heart with which a young ensign newly joined awakes to the dim recollection that he challenged the best shot in the regiment the night before, and sorrowfully orders pistols and soda-water. But the words were out, and something must be done. The friends of Poland would look for some despatch in which the gallant phrases of the night before should be placed permanently upon record. But then the difficulty was to know how Prince GORTSCHAKOFF would take it. If it had been merely an ultimatum to Brazil, or a summary order to burn down a Japanese town, it would have been immaterial—nay, it would have been rather amusing. The FOREIGN SECRETARY would have willingly bargained to make reprisals in twenty Brazilian ports rather than have to write that despatch to the Russian Minister. For Prince GORTSCHAKOFF was impatient of insolent despatches, and it was dangerous to try experiments upon the temper of the Czar. However, the task was inevitable, and the despatch must be composed. One clerk is kept in the Foreign Office who knows how to write a civil despatch. He is known familiarly among his friends as the "humble-pie clerk." He conducts the whole of the correspondence with America, and generally comes in to finish off a scolding correspondence with any of the other Great Powers. With the assistance of this gentleman a despatch was sent off to Prince GORTSCHAKOFF containing the obnoxious announcement which had been made at the Blairgowrie dinner.

Unhappily, with all these precautions, the despatch was not civil enough yet. As a matter of prudence, it was thought wiser to ask Prince GORTSCHAKOFF privately what would happen if such an announcement were made to him. Precautions of this kind are of course only taken in correspondence with very great Powers. When Lord RUSSELL is corresponding with smaller Powers, such as Saxony or Denmark, he acts with the spirit which becomes a British statesman, and sends them an unusually tart despatch whether they like it or not. During the earlier part of the Polish correspondence, when it really seemed as if Russia was breaking up, this precaution had been neglected, and the result had been dangerous. On the present occasion, it was fortunate that no such inadvertence was permitted. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, when informed of the nature of the intended communication, appears to have laconically replied, "You had better not;" and the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg felt the full force of the reply. The despatch was sent back to the Foreign Office, and was submitted a second time to the correction of the civil clerk. So far, however, as the mere phraseology was concerned, nothing more remained to be done. The only hope of conciliating the Russian Minister was to be found in the entire omission of the Blairgowrie declaration. The author of the despatch appears to have struggled to the last to avert the mutilation of his offspring. At length, when excision became inevitable, he refused to allow the scissors to be applied to one word more than was indispensable. He would not alter it or modify it in any way to conceal the scar of the terrible wound it had received. The sentences which led up to the obnoxious statement were preserved undisturbed; so that the sense is incomplete, and the despatch reads like a letter of which half has been torn off, or like the speech of an M. P. who has been prematurely interrupted by a count-out. A more important result was that the Blairgowrie declaration remained a piece of idle bluster, which the Minister who uttered it had not the courage to embody in a despatch.

Of course this interesting episode has for some time been well-known upon the Continent, and has gone far to confirm that estimate of our valour which so many Continental journals take pleasure in repeating in the plainest language. It has swelled the deep contempt with which a long series of such proceedings has filled the breast of every European statesman. "The defeat of English diplomacy," upon which the French papers dwell with so much complacency, can be no matter of surprise to those who consider the effect likely to be produced by cases of this kind. What possible weight can attach to remonstrances of which the politeness is known to be systematically measured by the power of those to whom they are addressed? Opinions may differ as to the merits of a warlike or a peaceful policy,

and either may be pursued without any sacrifice of honour. But there can be no difference of opinion with respect to the merits of that compromise between the two which is Lord RUSSELL's favourite alternative, and of which unhappy Poland has been hitherto the most conspicuous field. Whether another illustration of the same system is not being prepared for us nearer home—another sequence of snarling remonstrance, officious advice, treacherous encouragement, and shameless abandonment—time only can show. The only poor consolation that remains, is that the real worth of our "sympathy" is by this time so well known that there is little danger of its misleading even the most confiding.

#### AMERICA.

THE PRESIDENT of the United States has furnished a significant comment on the boasted termination of the war, and on the repeated assertions that volunteers were coming in with satisfactory rapidity. A conscription, commencing on the 10th of March, is intended to raise to half a million the number of recruits since October last. States and districts will be allowed to deduct from their quotas all the volunteers whom they have supplied since the date of the PRESIDENT's former proclamation, but the language of the present decree implies that the enlistments have been comparatively few. If the number really required were less than 400,000, it is impossible to suppose that a gratuitous announcement of weakness would have been made by the nominal demand of the larger number. As the deductions include all the regiments which have re-enlisted in their corporate capacity, it may be conjectured that, of 300,000 soldiers entitled to their discharge, not more than one-third have consented to remain in the service. It is possible, indeed, that the proportion may be larger, but the entire number would only suffice to maintain the army at its present force. The remaining 200,000 are wanted to supply the waste of war, and perhaps to increase at certain points the strength of the invading armies. If Northern journalists are correct in their estimate of 400,000 men now present in the field, the proposed reinforcement will certainly not be excessive, especially as it will principally consist of raw recruits. The new conscription will raise the number of soldiers summoned to arms by the Government since the beginning of the war to about 2,000,000, but it is necessary to remember that the actual levies have been considerably smaller. The draft of last summer provided only 50,000 conscripts and substitutes, instead of the 300,000 whom the PRESIDENT had demanded. In the early part of the war the ranks were more readily filled, and it may be vaguely calculated that, up to the present time, about 1,200,000 men have entered the service of the United States. As the total includes all who have re-enlisted on the expiration of their term, the number of original recruits may perhaps have amounted to 1,000,000. The sea and river navy has probably employed in addition at least 100,000 men. Experience alone can show whether the profuse bounties offered for substitutes will enable the Government to procure 300,000 men during the present spring. A much smaller number might continue the war, but the subjugation of the South, if it is any way practicable, can only be accomplished by overwhelming forces.

The pecuniary composition in place of service was raised by the Senate from 300 to 400 dollars; but if a tax of 60¢. was insufficient to force conscripts into the ranks, there seems to be no reason why 80¢. should not be generally paid. The House of Representatives, however, refuses to concur in the amendments of the Senate, and the stringency of the previous abortive conscription is in no respect increased. As the exemptions which were purchased under each successive draft remain in force for three years, the number of persons liable to the ballot is constantly diminished. The city of New York has discovered a scheme for baffling the policy of the Government which is likely to be generally followed; and the State of New York, which is by this time in arrear of its accumulated quotas to the extent of more than 200,000 men, is scarcely likely to exchange its previous backwardness for eager and effective obedience. Mr. CHASE will perhaps profit by the PRESIDENT's proclamation more largely than his colleagues at the War Department, but a supply of greenback notes, levied by the most unequal of taxes, will not fill the place of the reinforcements which are urgently needed. The rooted objection of the Federal population to compulsory service is proved by the rejection of the PRESIDENT's proposal that pecuniary compensation should be abolished. The wealthier classes will universally avail themselves of the alternative of payment, and it will be difficult

to persuade their needier neighbours that in war, as in peace and in all the relations of life, want of money involves the necessity of discharging all especially disagreeable duties. The Continental Governments of Europe, in a similar emergency, would undoubtedly make actual service obligatory on all conscripts who failed to provide a substitute; but three years of war have not yet reconciled the Americans to the loss of all the privileges and exemptions which they supposed to be inseparable from their Republican system. All parties appear to be unanimous in their determination to prosecute the war, for the Peace Democrats attach to the offers which they urge the Government to make to the South the prohibitory condition of a return to the Union. If the country becomes disinclined to the war, its change of purpose will be first shown in unwillingness to provide funds and armies for a hopeless enterprise. The Federal Americans have hitherto been prodigal of life and of money, but they have never taken the decisive step of raising a revenue adequate to the expenses of the war, or of adopting a stringent conscription. When loans and volunteers are no longer forthcoming, their resolution will be most severely tested.

The paper walls of the Constitution offer even less resistance than might have been expected to the attacks of interest or of passion. Both the letter and spirit of the boasted Charter were long since openly violated by the irregular creation of the new State of Western Virginia. The temporary or permanent exclusion from the Union of the States which had decreed their own separation was justifiable, because it was necessary; but the establishment of little oligarchies in the regions which are partially conquered is a bold and lawless experiment. General BANKS is at this moment, with the aid of a Convention of his partisans, elaborating a new Constitution for Louisiana, and similar usurpations are proceeding in Arkansas and Tennessee. Even in the Border States which have been retained within the limits of the Union, unconstitutional tests are imposed on the voters, and there is reason to believe that the Legislature of Maryland represents only a minority of the population. The most remarkable instance of utter disregard of the Constitution is exhibited in the Act for perpetual confiscation. It happened that the founders of the Republic entertained a peculiar antipathy to the English law of treason, and consequently they introduced into the Constitution a special provision that confiscation should in no case extend beyond the life estate of a delinquent. As an excuse for evading the plain words of the document, the Republicans pretend that the insurgents have forfeited by their rebellion all right to the benefits of the Constitution: yet the security was introduced for the protection, not of innocent men, but of traitors, and it has never come into practical operation before the crisis which is supposed to render it inapplicable. It is true that the irregular penalty which is to be imposed on the people of the Confederate States is by no means intended either as an empty menace or as a barren expression of malignity. The Republicans have discovered that they must garrison their conquests, and they want the land, as in the time of the old feudal settlements, to pay the permanent army of occupation. Their policy may be unjust, as it is obviously unconstitutional, but it is perhaps not unstatesmanlike. Negroes and Northern immigrants, mixed up with a sprinkling of Southern renegades, are to be substituted for the present owners of the soil. The uncertain title of the intruders will sufficiently ensure their loyalty to the Government which can alone protect them. No measures could be better calculated to drive the enemy to desperation; but, on the other hand, wholesale confiscation may perhaps enable the Federals to retain some of the districts which are now only occupied by their armies. Having utterly abolished all rights of ownership, the Government will probably at some future time gravely propose that private property shall enjoy perfect immunity at sea as well as on land.

While the Americans are preferring incessant complaints on account of alleged breaches of neutrality, their national conscience is in no degree disturbed by the avowed existence of a conspiracy for making war on England. The organization of the bare-armed Fenians of Chicago may safely be treated with contempt, and if Irish recruits can really be attracted into the Federal ranks by the hope that they will be employed against their former Government, it is by no means undesirable that they should be expended in Virginia or Tennessee. It is scarcely worth while to protest against ineffective impudence, but a community which includes Fenians as well as more respectable members of society ought, in consistency, to abstain from making the free expression of English opinion a cause of quarrel. Although it has, as usual, been thought expedient to

account for the demand of 500,000 men by the prospect of a war with England, the attention of the Federal Government and people is probably directed to much nearer objects. The Confederate leaders have anticipated their enemies by commencing the campaign in Virginia, in Tennessee, and in the remoter West. Their purpose is probably rather to interrupt the Northern preparations than to make any serious effort for the recovery of the territory which they have lost. General LEE has been compelled publicly to announce the insufficiency of his supplies; and if it is true that JOHNSTONE has disappeared from the neighbourhood of Dalton, his movement is probably caused by the necessity of feeding his army in some unexhausted district. The diminished numbers of the Confederate army would seem to recommend concentration and defensive tactics. Even if LONGSTREET takes Knoxville, it will scarcely be worth his while to hold it, and it may be his principal object to compel GRANT to move from Chattanooga, and consequently to enable JOHNSTONE to advance. If the Northern armies can, during the ensuing spring and summer, be prevented from obtaining any important successes, the negative result of the campaign will be equivalent to a Confederate triumph.

#### THE ARMY AND NAVY ESTIMATES.

THE Estimates for war generally reflect the diplomatic anxieties of the moment, and it is difficult to feel unmixed satisfaction at the curtailment of military expenses when the aspect of affairs is more than ordinarily threatening. While we see Mr. SEWARD blustering in his usual graceful tone, Austria and Prussia lighting up the flames of war which they of all European countries have most reason to dread, and the Emperor NAPOLEON insidiously fomenting the discord which may give him new opportunities for calculated heroism, the one thing which Englishmen must desire above all others is that their country should be ready to face any emergency which may present itself. If the needful state of preparation can be combined with special economy, there is but the more reason for satisfaction, and the mere fact that the Army and Navy Estimates are reduced by half a million would not be unwelcome to those who have to provide the resources of war. But security is of more importance than a trifling saving, and Ministers must expect that their Estimates will be closely scanned to see whether their little economizing has not been practised at the expense of efficiency. There are always many items of expenditure, both for the army and the navy, which can be apparently lightened by postponing immediate duties to future years, and it is easy to detect in the present Estimates abundant examples of this facile but expensive economy. The votes for military and naval stores are those which are always most susceptible of this ingenious treatment. The supply of ordnance and muskets, accoutrements and miscellaneous stores, for the use of the army, can always be allowed to fall below its due amount without any one outside of the special departments to which these matters are entrusted knowing anything about it; and it is only when a war breaks out that the costliness and danger of hazardous economy in these branches of the service are discovered, and then it is too late to make up for the time that has been lost. So, in the dockyards, the reserve of building and repairing stores, and the supply of contract-vessels, can be reduced almost at will by any Ministry which desires to gain temporary applause by a sham economy. Accordingly, it is to these items that one naturally turns to discover the animus with which the Estimates have been framed. The startling economies of the period which followed the Reform Bill were in great part obtained by allowing the arsenals and dockyards which feed our fleets and armies to be almost denuded of necessary material; and though this folly, which afterwards cost the country so dear, is not likely to be repeated on the same stupendous scale, the petty savings by which the total figures of the Estimates are kept down may generally be traced to the same ingenious device of throwing a double burden on the future for the sake of an apparent immediate gain. In the present Estimates this policy is evident enough. The dockyards are to be stinted of their usual supplies sufficiently to save about 350,000*l.*, while a corresponding economy of 250,000*l.* is to be effected in the purchase and manufacture of military stores. With the exception of one item for the purchase of small-arms, which may perhaps be agreeably explained by the abundance of Enfield rifles in store, all these reductions signify merely that certain necessary expenses have been evaded at the cost of present efficiency and future extravagance. There is no real thrift in keeping down the supply of warlike material which will have to be made good,



whenever war is imminent, at a cost which will be increased by the urgency of the demand.

But the frugal mind of the Government shows itself, unfortunately, in other reductions of a still more serious character. The theory of our military organization has always been supposed to be to keep the numerical strength of the army at as moderate a figure as is consistent with safety, but at the same time to maintain in more than proportionate efficiency those branches of the service which do not admit of rapid extension. It takes much longer to train cavalry and artillery recruits than to initiate an infantry soldier into the mysteries of drill and platoon; and any reduction in these arms, and still more in the strength of the Engineers, is a sacrifice of power which cannot be made good on short notice by all the effort in the world. It is remarkable that it is precisely at the expense of these departments that the Government has striven to gain credit for retrenchment. Mr. GLADSTONE's logical mind will no doubt have suggested that the abandonment of a strong position in the Mediterranean would be useless unless it were followed by the disbandment of a certain portion of our small, though admirable, artillery force; and this or some equally plausible excuse will doubtless be given for a reduction in the strength of the Royal Artillery. About 20,000 men constituted our whole available force of this description, and this it is proposed to diminish by 1,300 at a time when no-one can say how soon its services may not be called into requisition. On the same principle, the cavalry of the line are to lose 800 sabres, and the handful of engineers are to be cut down by more than 200. An increase of 1,400 which is proposed in the strength of the infantry is but a poor set-off for the loss of men who require a much longer period of training, and, except on the general principle of paring down the first item of expenditure which comes to hand, it is quite impossible to account for the singularly unthrifty choice which has been made of the charges to be reduced. If war came, both our cavalry and artillery would require to be largely reinforced, and nothing less than a year's warning would suffice to enlist and to train the requisite recruits. If the intended reduction has not been resolved upon in sheer recklessness, it must be presumed that Lord PALMERSTON has much more confidence in the duration of European peace than the current history of the world seems to justify.

The same indifference to future efficiency, if only the present Estimates can be kept down, may be traced in the most important votes of the Navy Estimates. With the exception of a few gunboats, no more iron vessels are to be built by contract, and it seems doubtful whether even the frigates which have been so long in course of construction will be completed by the end of March, 1865. A still more pressing necessity—that of providing additional dockyard accommodation—is to be postponed again, as it has been postponed year after year, and probably will continue to be until the requirements of war shall reveal the whole extent of our deficiencies by proving the impossibility of refitting a disabled fleet. At Chatham, an extensive addition to the dockyard has long been sanctioned at an estimated cost of nearly a million sterling. About one-tenth of the work has already been done, and exactly one-thirty-fifth more is proposed to be done in the course of the next financial year. At this rate, Chatham dockyard will really be capable of accommodating an important fleet about the beginning of the twentieth century. At Portsmouth, a quarter of a dock is intended to be constructed, and even the completion of the nearly finished works at Keyham is not to be looked for until the year after next. A few years ago, Lord CLARENCE PAGET was never weary of boasting of the really judicious plan which he had adopted of increasing the number of boys in training for the navy. This year he will no doubt have equally good reasons to show for reducing their numbers from 9,000 to 7,000. At the same time that the future supply of seamen is thus crippled, the force afloat is to be subjected to a small reduction, and 1,500 men are to be struck off from the strength of our first reserve, the Coast Guard. Altogether 4,000 men and boys are to be got rid of, in consideration, we presume, of the very pacific attitude of Europe and America.

Notwithstanding the dangerous zeal with which economy has been pursued in the most critical items of the Estimates, the growth of minute charges of every kind has left only the trifling saving of about half a million on the Army and Navy together; and probably no saving was ever more dearly purchased, by the sacrifice of seamen and artillerymen, the suspension of naval works and iron shipbuilding, and the unthrifty reduction of the stores of military material, than this half million which is destined to facilitate Mr. GLADSTONE'S

Budget. The condition of the revenue is certainly not such as to render parsimony the great virtue of the hour, and the only special reason which has ever been assigned for selecting such a time as the present for a reduction of military strength is one which it is to be hoped no Minister will venture to rely on. It has been suggested, in more than one *ad captandum* speech, that the increase in the efficiency of the Volunteer force and of the Naval Reserve ought to be made the occasion for a corresponding diminution in the regular Army and Navy. To act on this principle would be to set at naught the whole purpose of the Volunteer organization. It was because it was foreseen that war might make such demands on our small army as perhaps to leave the country almost denuded of troops, that civilians determined to prepare to take part in the common defence. It never entered into the minds of the most ardent admirers of the Volunteer corps to regard them otherwise than as auxiliaries of the regular army; and if once the policy were avowed of treating the Volunteers as substitutes for a more highly organized force, and reducing the regular army as the numbers of the irregulars increased, recruits would soon cease to flock to the Volunteer standard, for they would see that all their efforts to strengthen the defences of the country were to be neutralized by the reduction of an army which is even now too small for the many duties which are cast upon it. But if this plea for reduction is not to be listened to, we are wholly at a loss to imagine on what grounds the present time can be supposed to be appropriate for the disbandment of soldiers and the reduction of our naval force. It is true that the alteration of the Estimates from the standard of last year is not on a very large scale, but it is impossible not to suspect that the struggle to effect a saving at any risk has been dictated by political considerations which have left little room for a due regard to the efficiency of the army and navy.

#### THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

A FEW days ago a case was heard in the Divorce Court which drew from the presiding Judge some very curious observations. The plaintiff was a captain in the Indian army, and he sued for a divorce from his wife on the ground of her improper intimacy with another officer in India. It appeared that the wife had, on a former occasion, been guilty of an act of the same kind, and had acknowledged her guilt both to the plaintiff and to the plaintiff's mother. But she had been pardoned by her husband; and on the second occasion, her husband, so long as he suspected mere impropriety, had again pardoned her, merely sending her out of India and the dangers of Indian society. Subsequently, he considered himself to have discovered evidence showing that there was more than impropriety in her second intrigue, and he applied for a divorce. Sir James Wilde was of opinion that the additional evidence adduced was not sufficient to prove more than the husband had known at the time when he was prepared to forgive her, and the petition was accordingly dismissed. The evidence, as reported, appears to have fully justified the decision of the Court, and so far everything was as might have been expected. But the Judge was not content with this, and he indulged in the composition of a most extraordinary family picture. He said that he saw no reason why the husband, having shown himself ready to pardon so much, should not take his wife back and live very happily with her. Nay, the time might come when the happy pair would look upon this interlude as a positively bright and agreeable spot in their past lives, and would chat comfortably and pleasantly over their little quarrel in the Divorce Court. "*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*," said Sir James Wilde. The day, perhaps, will come when this merry pair will smile at their chequered past, and enjoy together the "*Pleasures of Memory*." In perfect good faith Sir James Wilde anticipated the day when a husband would sit side by side with his wife and positively delight in the sweet reminiscence that he had shown her before England to have lost for ever the right to appear among honest women, and, after having been once pardoned, to have indulged a second time in an intrigue with a lad half her own age, which, although not proved to have been of a criminal nature, would, as Sir James Wilde stated, have afforded sufficient grounds for a divorce as coupled with the former offence, had it not been for the renewed condonation of her husband. As years go by, this unfortunate suitor is depicted by the Judge as giving himself and the woman he had branded with public shame the quiet satisfaction of recollecting their own past history, and of also remembering that he had had cast on him the duty of bringing an aged mother into the witness-box to attest his wife's guilt and to describe his own temper, and that he had been obliged to see his most intimate and private correspondence published in the newspapers, his anguish and his wife's penitence—all his sorrows, and vacillations, all her shame, and remorse, and mad passion—bared to the public eye, and made the common topic of light and amusing conversation.

"*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*." A judge of a Divorce Court who could dream of quoting such a line in such a case must have a strange notion of the people who come to him for relief. To him, sitting comfortably in his seat of office,

these poor creatures may appear like puppets coming to play their little farce in his presence. He goes through his duties, and eats his dinner with a thankful and contented mind. They go away into the darkness of despair and bitterness and agonizing memories. Between them and their past lives there is a great gulf fixed—that of publicity. The world knows their sad history, and their wrongs and quarrels and sins have become the property of society. A husband in such a case knows that every one who is acquainted with him is henceforth perfectly aware that he has a faithless wife, that he has been tricked and wronged, that this has been for years the source of great family misery, that the burden of this woe has been eating secretly into the peace of all privy to the secret. It is true that in many cases there have been errors on both sides; and in this particular instance the advocates of the wife tried to show, and the judge seems in some measure to have allowed, that the husband had not always kept his temper with a woman who had so deeply irritated him. Even if this were so, the barb of his disappointment is not less sharp because he has had to reveal to a gossiping public his own infirmities as well as his wife's misconduct. What would be the duty of a husband, under such circumstances, towards the wife whose shame he had proclaimed, but from whom the law would not set him free, is a point that may perhaps be disputed. Most men would wish her far enough off from any opportunity of sharing the pleasures of memory with them. But supposing that, by an almost superhuman effort of generosity, or in a moment of irresolution, he took her back, what would their life be? She would be excluded from society and would exclude him; she would have to taste the misery of prolonged public disgrace, and he would necessarily partake her bitter lot, and impose it on their children if they had any. Slowly their long, awful days would go by with no hope to cheer them, with a thousand hourly trials to provoke them, with a crushing sense of the dreary waste of life to which each had exposed the other. He would always be to her the man who, without advantage to himself, had needlessly published her disgrace; she would always be to him the woman whom he had tried in vain to throw off. If any one thinks, as the judge did, that this is a trial to which the parties ought to be exposed, the full consequences of their assuming such a position ought at least to be accurately estimated. It would be a most terrible trial, and one of the most painful to which two human beings, if of feelings acute enough to be sensible of their misery, could be exposed. And then a playful, rhetorical judge, delighted with himself and with his cheery way of disposing of cases, tells them that the day will come when their maddening unhappiness, now just beginning, will be a green spot in the waste of memory. "*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

A more cruel piece of irony could scarcely be conceived, were it not evident that it was merely uttered by a man who did not take the trouble to think what he was saying. Sir James Wilde uttered this piece of nonsense as so many of us utter our pieces of nonsense when we find ourselves in presence of sorrows which we cannot appreciate, and which we survey as a piece of business. Every one in affliction is exposed to the trial of friendly platitudes, and a great trial it is. Those who console do not know what to say; they only know that they must console, and so they take refuge in some generality which raises the conversation to what they hope is the proper level. It is true that there are people who are apparently pleased with the silly little attentions of their friends, and who are soothed by the evidences they receive that they are not quite forgotten. If this were not so, the usages of society could scarcely remain what they are, and custom would not sanction such absurdities as keeping the door-bell in the house of death constantly ringing, and then sending in return cards of thanks. Foolish as are many of the practices of the world, this emission of cards in recognition of the attention of acquaintances in intruding where mourning over irreparable calamities is going on is certainly among the silliest. But there must be people who receive pleasure from it, or it could scarcely continue. There are, however, wounds which are not to be healed in this way, and the wounds of a man who has exposed his wife's shame in a public court, and failed to get rid of her, are probably among the number. Even if platitudes and scraps of religious consolation and the regulation well-worn phrases can solace the loneliness of one whom death has recently robbed of the best treasures of the heart, they can scarcely fail to be offensive to a man who has to deal with a hopeless and miserable life, and not with the gentle memories of the dead. It is a public misfortune when a judge shows himself unable to comprehend the position of those whose fate depends on his decision. One of the first requisites of a good judge in the Divorce Court would be that he should understand how exceedingly important his decisions are to those affected by them, and should prove himself alive to the feelings which must animate those who have the misfortune to require his aid. The severe and cold demeanour of a judge who administers rigid justice, and is betrayed into no comments further than the case before him positively requires, imparts much more dignity to a tribunal, and evokes much less bitterness and indignation, than the namby-pamby rhetoric of a well-meaning official who sees in the anxieties of his suppliants an occasion for displaying an unreflecting sentimentalism.

Few pleasures of memory are such apples of Sodom as those which Sir James Wilde set before the unfortunate officer. But it may perhaps be observed that the pleasures of memory are mostly the inventions of poets, and are seldom tasted in real life. When we look back over a long course of years—over infancy, or

school days, or the season of early love—we can easily summon up a vague and general conception of what we were and did then, which is in a great measure conventional, and is borrowed out of books, but which also reflects the languid interest with which we think on what has long passed away, but retains the charm of having happened to ourselves. If, however, we try to go further, and to ask what we did and suffered day by day in the times we are thinking of, we soon become conscious that the memory is by no means always pleasant, and that, even where it is not unpleasant for a definite reason, it is vapid and tedious to us now. Especially when we have had our minds shaken by a long suspense, when we have endured wrongs we think undeserved and have lost ties which we hoped would be perpetual, it is idle to talk of the pleasures of memory, although time may have in some degree dimmed the first pain which the thought of our griefs and losses occasioned. Memory is rarely pleasant unless it is merely the memory of external trials from which we have escaped, or of scenes and times in which we have come in contact with something that has ennobled and purified us. A traveller who has undergone great hardship, who has had his courage and resolution taxed, who has been in danger of his life, and has seen himself given over to the power of wild beasts or savages or the fury of the elements, and who then has returned to civilization and safety and comfort, may naturally contrast the present with the past, and may find that to think over the terrors of the latter heightens his enjoyment of the former. So, too, it is often better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all; and there is a keen satisfaction in going over the events of past times when we have been subject to an influence which has elevated us, when tender and high feelings were elicited, and our communion was with persons who came before us subject to the like influences, and worked up to as high a strain. It is not, however, true even then that the sensation which such reminiscences call up is one that can always be called a pleasure of memory. "*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*" applies almost exclusively to external trials, or to scenes in which we have been gay and happy. When the memory is only that of misery, of times when we have come in contact with that which has repelled and alienated us, and when we have had pangs to endure, and have been subjected to those afflictions which reveal our weaknesses, and to the calamities that have cast a fatal gloom over our lives, then the memory is itself unalterably painful, and partakes of the nature of the evil through which we have been slowly and sadly carried.

#### HONOUR.

SOME etymologists, if we mistake not, tell us that the word "Honor" or "Honos" is really the same as the word "Onus;" honours, in the sense of offices, being burdens as well as honours. Or rather perhaps the original common meaning would be charge or duty, something laid upon one; and as such charge or duty may be looked on either as an honour or as a burden, the two kindred words have run off into quite different meanings on different sides. The derivation seems far-fetched, and we are not going to decide whether it be right or not. But, if it be right, it shows an approach to a cycle in the meaning of words. When we say "You do me honour by saying so," and when we say "My sense of honour makes me do so and so," we use the word "honour" in two quite different senses. In the former phrase, there is no reference to right and wrong at all; in the latter, though the sense of honour and the sense of duty are not exactly the same thing, yet the notion of right and wrong begins to come in. So far as that notion does come in, we get, in this last and newest and most artificial sense of the word "honour," a slight approach to what, according to the etymology, was the original meaning. In both there is some notion of duty, or at least of something approaching to the idea of duty—an idea which is wholly absent from the intermediate senses of the word.

But, without pretending to decide the etymology, it is easier for our purpose to take the common Latin and English meaning of the word "honour" as the primary one—that, namely, in which it expresses respect, esteem, and the like, shown to us by others. From this the other senses all seem naturally to flow. Offices and dignities conferred on a man are marks of the respect and esteem in which he is held; they show the honour in which he is held; they cause him to receive greater honour than he had received before; they are therefore themselves naturally called "honores" or "honours." And from the sense of esteem and respect shown by others comes the sense with which we have just now most to do—that in which we use the word when we speak of a man acting honourably or having a sense of honour; or again when we speak of a man's honour or a woman's honour, meaning thereby two quite different things, but the things which in man and woman respectively are most valued and esteemed. That which is most esteemed in a woman is her chastity; she is honoured as long as she retains it, and dishonoured as soon as she loses it. That which is most esteemed in a man is courage and good faith; he is honoured as long as he retains them, and dishonoured as soon as he loses them. Hence a woman's honour means her chastity, a man's honour means his courage and good faith. No doubt the point of honour has at different times been identified with various minute observances, a neglect of which would in our eyes imply no dishonour at all. But most of them, if closely examined, would be found to have some remote connexion, real or imagined, with the two qualities which we have



mentioned. An insult of any sort touched a man's honour, because his honour, that is his character for courage, required him to revenge it. Generally speaking, by a man of honour we mean a man who is not a liar or a coward. He may be guilty of many vices and even crimes, but he must be faithful to all engagements, direct and implied, and he must be ready to show courage whenever courage is needed.

Honourable conduct, then, would seem to be conduct of such a sort as enables a man to preserve his honour—that is, his reputation for those particular virtues which are expected of him. A sense or feeling of honour would, therefore, primarily be a mere consciousness of what other people think and a desire to preserve their good opinion. It would not necessarily imply any feeling of strict right and wrong at all. But this is one of the cases in which a word gets, not a worse, but a better meaning than it is strictly entitled to. Honourable conduct certainly implies something much higher than a mere striving after other people's good opinion. Indeed we especially apply the name to conduct which can never be rewarded by other people's good opinion. To trust a thing to a man's honour generally means to trust him to act as he should act whether anybody knows of it or not. The honourable man will act as honourably when his actions are known to himself alone as he does when all the world is looking out. He acts not to win the applause of others, but to satisfy a sense of honour in his own breast. Thus the most honourable conduct of all will often never be rewarded with honour. The sense of honour is practically something very different from vain-glory; it is indeed its direct opposite. The man in the *Pilgrim's Progress* who went for praise to Mount Zion doubtless did many actions which were externally pious and externally honourable; but as he had no real claim to the title of a man of piety, so neither had he any real claim to the lower title of a man of honour.

If, then, honourable conduct is done, like religious or moral conduct, not from vain-glory but in obedience to a monitor within, how does it differ from religious or moral conduct? For it is clear that it does differ. It is clear that a man may be fully entitled to be called a man of honour who is wholly devoid of religion and very imperfect in point of morality. A man may be brave and faithful, and therefore honourable, and may nevertheless keep several vices alongside of his virtues. Again, a man may practise every moral virtue, and yet want the peculiar something which is implied in the word honour. Again, to call a man of austere sanctity a man of honour would sound preposterously absurd. But this is not all. Honour, religion, and morality will, in many cases—in all cases where honour is good for anything at all—prescribe exactly the same course of action; but there will be a difference in the way of doing it and in the reason for which it is done. The difference seems to be in the standard which each follows. Religion follows the will or law of God; morality follows that eternal rule of right of which the law of God is a republication; but honour simply follows the rule which is laid down by received opinion, very often the received opinion of a class only. The man of honour no more does his works merely to be seen of men than the man of piety does; but he takes the standard of man's opinion as the rule of his conduct. He acts in exactly the same way whether his conduct will be known or unknown, and therefore honoured or unhonoured; but the standard which he aims at is always to act in such a way as to win him honour if it were known.

If we compare honour, religion, and morality together, religion and honour have several points in common as contrasted with morality. One might be inclined to say that to do right simply because it is right was the highest principle of all; but it is by no means always the most attractive. There is something cold and dry about mere morality, mere unswerving justice. The charity of the religious man, the generosity of the honourable man, are something far more taking. Religion and honour have something more fervent, more ethereal, something that raises a man higher above mere earthly things. Each in many cases requires more of a man than mere morality does. Each teaches a doctrine of self-sacrifice which is unknown to mere morality as such. Each sets up a standard external to the man himself, while morality looks only to the satisfaction of the man's own conscience. Both religion and honour are, in short, something finer and more delicate than mere morality, and yet for most men something more practical. Few men are able to act rightly purely and solely at the dictate of their own moral sense; some external standard, whether the higher one of religion or the lower one of honour, seems almost always necessary. In point of fact it will commonly be found that all the noblest actions which are done are done at the bidding either of religion or of honour, very seldom at that of abstract morality. It may indeed be doubted whether abstract morality, though always leading to upright and truthful conduct, will ever lead to strictly noble actions at all. Morality is good and respectable; but both religion and honour are often heroic. Again, strict morality, if it does not reach the high flights of the other two, lays down a far sterner rule within its own beat. Morality neither tolerates nor forgives vice of any kind; but honour tolerates some vices, and religion, though it tolerates none, yet forgives all on repentance.

Again, there is an analogy between the aberrations of religion and those of honour. Morality hardly allows any aberrations; it may sometimes be needlessly rigid, but it can hardly become excited or fanatical. But false religion and false honour have led men into extravagances and crimes of every kind. It may be said that there is also such a thing as a false morality; but then the word

"false" is not used in exactly the same sense in the two phrases. By false morality we mean something contradictory to true morality, something in fact which is immoral. But by false religion and false honour we do not mean something contradictory to true religion and true honour, but rather religion and honour in a distorted and exaggerated form. If a man taught the moral duty of killing people—killing people of course we mean in other cases than those where killing is confessedly no murder—we should call him not moral at all, but immoral. But thousands of lives have been sacrificed to false religion and false honour at the hands of men whom we still cannot call other than religious and honourable. Again, the aberrations both of religion and of honour have a tendency to a sort of exclusiveness—to shutting themselves up among particular classes of men. In the days when religion and honour had it externally all their own way, religion had a tendency to make itself the exclusive property of priests and monks, and honour to make itself the exclusive property of a caste of born gentlemen. The monk was too apt to look on everything beyond his cloister as a mere mass of sin and wickedness; the gentleman was too apt to look upon all beneath him in rank as incapable of honourable feelings, and therefore as utterly unworthy of his regard. These of course were the temptations of the really religious monk and the really honourable gentleman. The occurrence—assuredly the frequent occurrence—of monks who were not religious, and of gentlemen who were not honourable, is another matter.

In fact, in a world where strict morality is something too abstract, too self-contained, so to speak, for the mass of mankind, the feeling of honour has acted very largely as a sort of substitute for religion. Let us look at this in its historical working. It has often been remarked that priests are either much better or much worse than laymen. This is eminently true of the middle ages; it is probably true of many Roman Catholic countries now. The cause is evidently that the regular priestly education does not allow the growth of the sense of honour as understood among laymen. If, then, the priest is not under the control of the highest principle, that of religion, he has not, like the layman, the secondary safeguard of honour to fall back upon. If he is not a saint, he is in great danger of becoming an utter scoundrel. If he escapes, it is because, by some accident or other, he is not a genuine priest, but remains amenable to lay influences, and to the sense of honour among them. We dare say that a good many of those fifteenth-century Ambassadors who were rewarded with Bishoprics, and a good many German Prince-Bishops in later times, were neither better nor worse than the lay princes and nobles about them. But, if so, it was because their temporal offices made them forget their spiritual character, so that, whether for good or for evil, they felt and acted as laymen. So among modern English clergymen there are many who are neither saints nor scoundrels, but men neither better nor worse than their lay neighbours. This is simply because the education and mode of life of a married Protestant clergy does not cut them off from the habits of feelings of ordinary men in the same way that the Roman Catholic priesthood is cut off. If a Protestant clergyman fails of the highest standard, he has still, like the layman, the secondary one—the secular religion of honour—to fall back upon.

The application of the point of honour in women is closely analogous. As we have said, the technical sense of honour, as applied to a woman, is chastity. The male virtues of courage and good faith are not supposed to come within a woman's sphere of action. We do not mean that an outrageous breach of good faith would not be thought dishonourable in a woman as well as in a man. But the case is not so likely to occur unless the woman has been somehow trespassing in some male department, and so has made herself liable to be judged by a male standard. And it is certain that, in small matters, strict adherence to promises is not so rigidly exacted from women as it is from men. Such slight sayings as that "ladies have a right to change their minds" illustrate what we mean. But the position of women with regard to their own special virtue, their own point of honour, is closely analogous to the position of men with regard to their point of honour. Women are still less amenable to abstract morality than men; it is hardly too much to say that most women have no notion of right and wrong at all as a matter of argument. But they are far more amenable than men both to religious and to social influences. Religion keeps some right; the opinion of society, and the internal state of mind produced by that opinion, keeps others right. People often complain—and from any religious or moral aspect they complain with justice—that society looks upon unchastity in the two sexes with such different eyes. But this is the necessary result of the different standards of honour which the law of honour sets up for men and for women. The severity of society towards an unchaste woman is parallel to its severity towards a man who is a liar and a coward. The exact amount of that severity in either case will differ according to time and place; but, so far as the law of honour and not any other law is the standard, so far shall we find the respective points of honour in the two sexes guarded by analogous rules and enforced by analogous penalties.

#### THE ADVANTAGES OF SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

ALMOST all Englishmen dislike slavery and cultivate an almost insurmountable prejudice against the slave trade, but philosophical minds are always curious to understand the

arguments which may be used against even their most cherished opinions. Although Clarkson and Wilberforce showed their good sense in undertaking one thing at a time, they were fully aware that, in denouncing the slave trade, they were virtually condemning the social condition which it fed and encouraged. An agitation for the suppression of gin-shops assumes the moral or physical unwholesomeness of gin; and if it was right that the West India islands and the Southern States of America should be cultivated by the forced labour of negroes, it could scarcely be wrong to bring the workmen to their work, though there was perhaps superfluous inhumanity in packing them during the voyage as close as herrings in a barrel. In the English possessions, involuntary servitude, though it survived the slave trade for thirty years, was inevitably doomed during the entire interval. The rapid increase of the negro population in America rendered the prohibition of the trade comparatively immaterial, though the consistent advocates of slavery, since they turned to bay against their Abolitionist adversaries, have frequently accepted the logical consequence of their own principles by asserting that negroes ought to be imported as freely as asses. There are only two possible methods of defending the anomalous institution of slavery, as far as it affects the subordinate race, although, notwithstanding the popular clap-trap of the day, the masters may in many cases derive social and political advantage from their exemption from labour and from their habits of command. The system is unjust unless it is also beneficial to the slaves, either in its natural and permanent operation or by its indirect and perhaps unforeseen tendencies. The Southern slaveowners, since, unfortunately for themselves, they determined to find a reason for the faith which was in them, have boldly declared that, by a providential dispensation, Ham was especially fitted to live in the tents, or rather in the huts and negro-quarters, of Japhet. Mr. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederation, has irreparably injured his cause in European estimation by a rhetorical exaggeration of the fashionable Southern paradoxes. Credulity is staggered by the suggestion that negroes were formerly kidnapped for their own good, and that the happiest condition of which their descendants are capable is precisely that which happens to coincide with the supposed pecuniary interest of the cotton-planters. Immediate and total emancipation is not the only alternative of perpetual and legitimate slavery; but if the slaveowners were the only witnesses in favour of the patriarchal theory of subordination, their testimony would continue to be regarded with natural suspicion.

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* brings to their aid whatever weight may belong to the evidence of a bitter and thoroughgoing adversary. If the statements of the Reviewer may be trusted, two or three generations of slavery have elevated the negroes to a condition which their African ancestors had never approached during thousands of years of indigenous freedom. The childish and bloodthirsty savages who still amuse or astonish travellers and missionaries have, it seems, within a century, become disciplined soldiers, steady workmen, prudent capitalists, and political equals of those American citizens whom the eulogist of the negroes regards as the highest specimens of humanity. In their native country the negroes, like all barbarians, are thievishly disposed. Yet the fugitive slaves, even where they found the Northern soldiers "as brutal in their hatred and as insolent in their treatment of negroes as the lowest 'mean whites' of the Slave States," behaved so well that "there is absolutely no evidence at all of any marauding on the part of those people." The field hands are of course the most degraded portion of the slave community, and those who worked in the Sea Islands of South Carolina were unusually remote from all opportunities of civilizing intercourse; yet within two years they have learned to work for wages, some of them have become part proprietors of the plantations, and those who have entered the military service of the United States are "not surpassed in organization, drill, and morale, for the length of time they have been in the service, by any regiment in the department." More implicit credit may be placed in the statement that the children are making rapid progress in the schools. Impartial and even unfriendly observers have often admitted that the inferiority of the negro intellect first betrays itself on the approach of manhood, by an incapacity to make any further advance.

The agents of the Federal Government may fairly claim the merit of allowing the emancipated negroes the opportunity of proving their readiness for freedom; but the aptitude itself must have been cultivated under the unconsciously beneficent dominion of the Sea Island planters. Human nature, white or black, is not radically metamorphosed in one or two years. The *Edinburgh Reviewer* extols the spirit, the intelligence, and the civilization of the free negroes of the North; but it seems that, even in the genial atmosphere of New England, they have scarcely outstripped their compatriots in the Southern States. An advance so unprecedented is not too dearly purchased by the ancient horrors of the middle passage, or by the sufferings of numerous Uncle Toms. The blood of involuntary martyrs has been the seed of a Church, or rather of a civilized nation; and while persecution is by no means the only method of religious conversion, the slave trade and slavery have provided the negro race with the only chance of moral elevation which it could ever have enjoyed. A portion of this doctrine is commonly preached by the advocates of Southern institutions, but the planters more modestly claim the credit of having raised savages into the intermediate rank of a contented servile population. The philanthropists boldly maintain that the slaveowners have achieved the far more difficult task of educating their dependents into an equality with themselves. There is no

drawback to the satisfaction which naturally follows the statement, except that it is impossible to believe it. The American nation, with some opportunities of observation, is equally incredulous of the assertions of ardent Abolitionists on either side of the Atlantic. If, however, Mr. Wendell Phillips and the *Edinburgh Reviewer* should prove to be in the right, a grave question of casuistry will perplex the consciences of the benevolent. Dr. Livingstone and his associates are disappointed in their hopes of founding a Church in Central Africa. Captain Speke finds that on the Equator human lives are thought of less value than very few sparrows. Captain Burton defends the Great Customs of Dahomey, and faintly hopes that at some future time the Pagan tribes of the Western coast may be converted, not to Christianity, but to the faith of Islam. In the meantime, on the American Continent, a great school of civilization and religion is open to receive an indefinite number of pupils, on condition that they incidentally become slaves. It seems utterly unjustifiable to prohibit the repetition of an experiment which has hitherto, according to the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, proved brilliantly and uniformly successful. The black squatters of Jamaica and Mauritius, although they have enjoyed their freedom for thirty years, have by no means furnished equally cogent arguments for the revival of the slave trade.

The style and tone of the article in the *Edinburgh Review* pretty plainly indicate its origin. The authorities which are cited are arranged with the ingenuity of that peculiar kind of advocate who is known as a skilled witness; but a judicious mad-doctor or engineer who wishes to convince a tribunal always affects a certain candour and impartiality. Feminine impatience, on the other hand, defeats its own object by steadily refusing to recognise more than one side of a controversy. Utter indifference, not only to hostile allegations but to inconvenient facts, unlimited credulity applied to all favourable statements or legends, and undisguised adoption of the characteristic language of a party, are lady-like defects which are compatible with great literary ability and with an undoubtedly benevolent purpose. A less powerful writer, with the advantage of masculine coolness, would have remembered that it was desirable to explain away the repugnance of the Free Western States to the negroes, Mr. Lincoln's extravagant project for the deportation of the entire race, and the mutinies which have undoubtedly taken place in some of the negro regiments. It would also have been prudent to abstain from the repetition of incredible anecdotes, nor was it altogether judicious to rely exclusively on documents furnished by Federal commissioners and by the Abolitionist associations of New England. As the writer is so intimately acquainted with American affairs as to adopt the un-English phrase of "citizens," it can scarcely have been through an oversight that the policy of the Southern leaders is absurdly misrepresented. The slaves, it seems, "knew when great men were discussing at Washington whether or not to make the whole Union slave territory as far as Canada." If so, the slaves knew a fact which was never known to their masters. The dispute was whether the Territories, and not the territory, should be open to slaveholders. If the exaggeration applies to the Fugitive Slave Law, there could be nothing new in a principle which is distinctly affirmed in the Federal Constitution. When the cold-blooded reader meets with vehement inaccuracy in matters of common notoriety, he instinctively hesitates to accept unqualified statements of the virtues and intellectual excellencies of the negroes. It is surprising, if true, that "the free blacks in the Northern States are shown by the Census and other returns to yield fewer criminals and fewer paupers, and to exhibit a lower mortality in proportion to their numbers, than any other class in the Republic." Statistics quoted by writers on the other side give a precisely opposite result, and in most countries a poor and semi-servile class contributes at least its share to the ranks both of criminals and paupers. The Western States, which have since the beginning of the war passed fresh laws against the immigration of coloured freemen, are certainly not impressed with the belief that they are desirable neighbours. The President himself, when he advised the free negroes to find some undefined Atlantis or Utopia for themselves, told them plainly that the whites did not like them, and that they had little cause to like the whites.

Some of the anecdotes which are repeated by the Reviewer bear on their face a still more transparent absurdity. "It has recently become known, by way of Spain, that some cargoes of American slaves have been landed in Cuba, in order to preserve them as property, and save their cost. The device, however, has not answered, as by the law of Spain negro slaves from other countries become free on touching Spanish soil. The negroes thus released are described as making their way to the Free States very intelligently and in high spirits." They may well be in high spirits, and they may perhaps exercise their remarkable intelligence in considering what the English African squadron has had to do since it became the practice of the Spanish authorities in Cuba to obey the undoubted law of Spain by allowing all negroes from foreign countries immediate and undisputed freedom. The same writer had previously asserted that, before the war, cargoes of slaves were still occasionally imported into the Southern States. As, by the law of the United States, negroes from other countries became free on touching American soil, it must be presumed that the kidnapped negroes made their way back to Africa, if not "very intelligently," as they had not enjoyed the invaluable training of slavery, at least "in high spirits."

A more comical story is quoted from the *Rebellion Record*, to



illustrate the military qualities which are cultivated as successfully as civil virtues in the great slave academy of the South. A gentleman of New Orleans, "who the other day missed his 'boy' (slave), learned that the lad was at Carrollton." He repaired to General Phelps, who told him that the boy might return with him if he wished, and in compliance with the slaveholder's request, the General undertook to provide him with a guide. "Orderly," said the General, "call Major Scott." Presently Major Scott presented himself, and the General instructed him to conduct the gentleman to the negro camp, and assist him in finding his boy, and to say to the boy that he had his (the General's) permission to return with his master. Thereupon the Major spoke—"General, I am the boy the gentleman is in search of. I do not want to return." "This is all I can do," observed the General. The droll part of this incident is that the General was ignorant of the fact that the gentleman was Scott's master." Only a feminine controversialist would have failed to recognise the familiar style of the professional penny-a-liner or anecdote-maker. For the purpose of effect, the owner pursues the boy as soon as he misses him, probably within a few days, and certainly within a few weeks. In the meantime, the abject slave has grown and blossomed into an intelligent and gentlemanlike field officer, and neither the owner nor the Federal General are prepared for the startling *anagnorisis*. Major Scott, at least, has no reason to complain that he has been saved from the fate of a naked African savage, who would have thought himself happy if he could have worn the Major's epaulettes and spurs without the rest of his uniform. If such is the evidence which proves the beneficent effects of slavery, it may, after all, not be found an indispensable duty to kidnap the remaining population of Africa, and to set it to work under the overseer's whip.

The paradoxes of slaveowners and the extravagances of philanthropists include an element of truth. Although it is absurd to suppose that the coloured population of the Free or Slave States have attained to European or American civilization, subjection to a superior race has probably raised them to a condition far removed from their original barbarism. It is equally unreasonable to pretend, with the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, that they are equal to the whites who have oppressed them, and to acquiesce in the perpetual slavery to which they are doomed by Mr. Stephens. The Confederates have, in the course of their great struggle, exhibited almost all the highest political qualities, in their capacity to command, in their readiness to obey, in their power of organization, and in their indomitable resolution. They might have commanded universal admiration, and they would probably have rendered their enemies powerless, if they had also possessed sufficient wisdom and courage to exchange slavery for predial serfdom. The state from which the Russian peasants are even now emerging would be a great and beneficial advance to the Southern negroes. The undisputed political supremacy of the whites would enable them to provide against the economical failure which has partially discredited West Indian emancipation. It would have been no hardship to home-loving negroes to remain attached to the soil, and under wise laws the value of their labour might have been not only maintained, but largely increased. The partial experiments of free labour which have been tried by Federal Generals and Commissioners are insufficient, and they may probably be found illusory. The emancipated slaves feel that they are on their trial, nor have they yet had the opportunity of living in idleness on their own provision grounds. The South would, under any circumstances, have remained subject to the hatred of the unforgiving race of philanthropists, but in disarming their more equitable opponents they would have escaped the moral isolation to which they are at present condemned. If they are finally defeated, their Northern successors will probably introduce a system of regulated coercion which will display many of the features of villenage or predial servitude.

#### RECEIPT FOR A FAVOURITE HASH.

**F**IRST catch your tercentenary. This is not so difficult a matter as is sometimes supposed, for it is obvious that every celebrated man necessarily affords at least three opportunities upon which posterity may seize as epochs for hero-worship. He must have been born upon some particular day of some particular year, in order to fulfil the simplest condition precedent to his winning an immortal reputation; unless, indeed, he has existed only as a myth, in which case any possible day of any convenient year will be found equally appropriate for commemorating the benefits he has bestowed upon mankind. Having been born in some particular day and year, he must also have found some particular day and year to die in; and between these two limits of his mortal career he must, on some day or days which can be identified or guessed at, have done something, or been somehow connected with some fact, upon which whatever reputation he has left behind him mainly hangs. Even should it be found impossible to analyse with certainty the constituents of that reputation, and to pin them down to specific dates and facts of history, there must still have been a certain period in the life of every notoriety during which, for whatever reason, he was more notorious than before, and perhaps than after. All summaries of classical biography, however meagre in their anatomy of construction, allow to each of their heroes, in addition to the dates of *nati*, and *obi*, a date at which *floruit circa*. General convenience will determine in each special case whether a man's tercentenary shall

follow the date of his birth, death, or full bloom. With a view to the possibilities of an encore being demanded by the unsatisfied appetite of a hero-worshipping public, it may, in instances of extreme celebrity, show forethought and tact in the promoters of this kind of entertainment if they seize without hesitation upon the natal day as the first in order. To some minds the anniversary of the death may give a sense of greater completeness, or the epoch of full bloom may seem more comprehensively suggestive; but the question may safely be left, as we said before, for public convenience at the time to decide. It appears to be a matter of almost equal indifference, as far as any principle is concerned, whether the sacrifice of hero-worship is offered at the end of one, two, or three centuries, or of recurring cycles upon a duodecimal or any other scale of notation. A tercentenary is the type of memorial festivity for the present moment, because the public eye is supposed to be focussed upon the life of the greatest genius of English literature, who happened to live in the latter half of the sixteenth century. But for all practical or culinary purposes a bicentenary or centenary will do just as well, and reflect just as much credit upon the cooks who have the dressing of it. It is but altering the focus of the public eye. As for the taste of the public palate, it may be defied to detect any difference between the one dish and the other, if properly seasoned by an eminent artist. The whole flavour of the festivity will always depend upon the dressing, not on the distance of the facts it purports to commemorate. Facts are only the vehicle or medium by which the piquant variety of the condiments of idolatry are brought together. A Soyer of fine historical fancy would be able to make good tercentenary soup out of the old shoe that was inhabited by the prolific old woman of the nursery rhymes. There really is no reason why the occasions of centenary festivity should be confined to the memories of the past. Why should they not embrace the hopes of the future, in which even Positivism trusts that something will happen worth hoping for? Would it be in any sense unseemly or impertinent of the present generation to set apart a particular day and year as the *n<sup>th</sup>* anniversary of the Coming Man, and celebrate his praise accordingly? The nation's heart is always beating towards the Coming Man, and why should it not express its sentiments in a climax of national rejoicing? Any coming man worthy of the name ought to be greater than those who have come before him, and the anticipations of him should therefore be more ennobling than the memories even of Shakespeare. When the current national festival is fairly done with, we beg to recommend the above suggestion to any spirited caterers for the public entertainment or promoters of the public civilization who may be in want of a fresh theme for a centenary. We really think that some sort of ceremony which might involve an ode in honour of the Coming Man, either written by the Laureate or selected by three eminent literary judges in a competitive ode-examination, recited by Mr. Charles Kean and sung by a chorus of fifty thousand voices—and we should say that an unveiling of the statue of the Coming Man by torchlight might easily be thrown in—would prove a pre-eminent financial success, and moreover be very filling to the public at the price.

When you have caught your tercentenary, you proceed, before dressing it, to hang it up where everybody may see it. For, in this busy and advertisement-ridden age, even the most obvious and remarkable anniversary cannot afford to hide its light under a bushel. If the most celebrated man of the last ten centuries should wish for further commemoration at the hands of the passing public, he must come forward like Coriolanus to canvass and show his scars, and must do so with a more imperturbable amiability. Not even Shakespeare himself, it seems, would be able to excite sympathy enough from the miserly crowd by simply referring to his works as the Roman general did to his wounds. The public has or has not got his works upon its library shelves at home, and does or does not care to read them. In either case, it is not a public of sufficient sentimentality, except under the pressure of strong and determined puffing, to sit for a long time beforehand brooding upon the fact that a good big round number of years since Shakespeare was born is now completing itself for the third time. Still less, except under strong pressure, would it draw the conclusion that an expensive ceremony of some sort was required to commemorate the fact, and to do honour to its own feelings on the occasion. If no means were taken to arouse popular enthusiasm, it is just possible that, on the important morning of the 23rd of April next, the *Times* might casually mention the circumstance in the first sentence of a leader upon general topics, and the readers of the *Times* might for five minutes recollect that they had quite forgotten the recurrence of so ideal an anniversary. So, for some months previous, Shakespeare has to be advertised and, as it were, sent round with the hat, in order to excite the pulse of the nation into once more beating Shakspearianly. Committees of Taste sit to discuss the manner of dressing his tercentenary. Artists are invited to compete with designs, and amateur enthusiasts to communicate ideas. A glass-house is advertised as in process of erection, covering so many square feet, and capable of holding so many thousand visitors during the ceremony of which the programme is still undecided. We adverted last week to the issue joined between Mr. Bellw and Mr. Phelps about the proportions of the opportunity for glorification which ought to be allotted to native and foreign talent among the professional interpreters of the great dramatist. The friends of Shakespeare generally have shown as much genius for squabbling over the illustrious

memory which they delight to honour as the French Abbé and his guest who quarrelled to the death on the question whether the asparagus should be dressed with oil or butter.

"If any care for what is here does survive in spirits rendered free," there is strong ground for arguing that the bard who prospectively cursed anybody that might move his bones finds the noise that is being made about him at this moment very ungrateful to his ear. Many readers of Milton have been used to think there is a great deal of force in the argument of his noble lines upon the futility of raising a material monument to "my Shakspeare." Some readers of Mr. Punch are not far from thinking that his parody of the same lines, pointed against the "Hepworth Dixon pyramid," is among the wittiest and the most sensible of his recent utterances. Yet the artillery of Milton and the darts of *Punch* are alike harmless against the brazen panoply of an association created to embody a fixed idea; and, as the public learned two or three days ago, the artists of the Site and Monument Committee and of the Dramatic and Entertainment Committee have at length contrived to agree on some at least of the principal ingredients of the very dainty dish which they propose to offer to mankind. If, through the medium of spirit-rapping, it were possible to interrogate "my Shakspeare" as to the sauce with which he would prefer his tercentenary to be dressed, Mr. Bellew and the rest of the Committee or Committees would no doubt be very glad to consult his inclinations. But if he should answer by demurring to the propriety of being so dressed at all, there is equally little doubt that he would receive the rebuff which the French cook addressed to the mutinous game chicken who was consulted under similar circumstances—"Monsieur, vous vous écarterez de la question." The spirit rendered free would be civilly reminded that he had made himself universal property; that everybody had a right to call him "my Shakspeare," and to deal with him accordingly. His tercentenary must be caught and dressed as it flies; so, after the formula of the rhymes on the pauper's burial—

Rattle his bones over the stones,

It's only a Shakspeare whom nobody owns.

It seems to be a melancholy certainty that this species of ceremony is becoming an institution of our age. Every illustrious shade must hold a levée or a drawing-room at stated intervals, that the public may have the opportunity of staring and worshipping with such reverence as is in them. The fact is as irresistible as the practice of running excursion trains. The only thing to be done is to put the matter upon a right basis. It is neither to be expected nor desired that tercentenaries should be got up for the gratuitous accommodation or advantage of the public, any more than excursion trains. No committee or board of directors would be justified in promoting either without some hope of reasonable returns and fair trading profits. The *causa causans* of an excursion train to Brighton is not Mr. Leo Schuster's wish to give a thousand Londoners the benefit of eight hours' sea air for half-a-crown, but the strong impression on his mind that his railway company will derive profit from doing the work at the price. It is much the same with commemorations. Does anybody really imagine that the Crystal Palace Directors unveiled a statue of Mendelssohn out of a pure zeal for the inauguration of a new era of musical taste, in which the genius of Mendelssohn should be more widely acknowledged and more deeply understood? Could even the clever prize-poetess of the Burns Festival candidly avow that she believes the reputation of Burns to have been placed on a surer footing, or the merits of Burns to be more generally appreciated in a true spirit of critical love or loving criticism, since the same Crystal Palace made a jubilee of him? But the basis of good promise as a trading speculation is a sound one to go upon. Nothing can be more reasonable than to request the blest shades to forgive the tributary nonsense which we lay at their feet, in consideration that it cannot hurt them, while it may return ten per cent. of financial or social profits to ourselves. As soon as we see a General Tercentenary Company, registered with limited liability, declare a handsome dividend, we are ready to issue the prospectus of a rival association for commemorating the tercentenaries of various warranted popular celebrities, whose names, for obvious reasons, at present we keep to ourselves, as well as the ingredients of the sauce with which we propose to dress them.

#### THE LAW OF SETTLEMENT.

IN the remarks which Mr. Bright did us the honour to make on a description of the condition of agricultural labourers which appeared in our columns, he showed some impatience of one or two humble practical suggestions which we offered for the improvement of their condition. To a statesman who supposes that English labourers can be put in the same position as American land-owners by a course of legislation which will neither create land on the one hand, nor disturb the rights of existing owners on the other, so small a reform as the alteration of the Law of Settlement may appear a trifling and vulgar matter. Those, however, who adopt the common English maxim that the world is to be improved by making the best of things and driving the nail that will go, will probably look on the subject in another light. It is in the belief that there is much vagueness both of thought and knowledge amongst persons of this class on the subject of the Law of Settlement that we propose to examine at some length the existing state of the law, and to point out the nature of its provisions and the way in which it works in practice. The phrase "Law of Settlement" runs easily

off the tongue, but the notions attached to it are often extremely confused. It may therefore be as well to begin at the beginning.

A man's "settlement" is that parish in which he has a right to be permanently relieved in case he stands in need of such relief, and the Law of Settlement is that part of the law which decides upon what parish the burden is to fall. In the whole of that mighty maze without a plan, the Statute-book, it would be difficult to find a better instance of the characteristic defects of English legislation. The Law of Settlement is almost entirely the creature of Acts of Parliament, and it is to be extracted from no less than eleven of those documents—the earliest passed in 1601 and the latest in 1861. Up to the time of the Reformation, the relief of the poor was a matter of private and especially of corporate charity, but after the dissolution of the monasteries it became necessary to make a regular legal provision for that object. This was done by the 43 Eliz. c. 2., passed in 1601, which provided for the appointment of overseers who were to "raise by taxation of the inhabitants, in competent sums of money, a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other necessary ware and stuff to set the poor on work," and also to relieve "the lame, impotent, old, blind," &c., not being able to work. They were also to build houses for them on commons and wastes. This Act, in short, in the most sweeping and general terms, threw upon the parish the obligation of finding work for all poor people who could work, and of finding relief for all who could not. It contained no provisions to limit the obligation of the parishes to those who had a claim upon them. The results of this omission were seen in the course of the next two generations, and are recited in the preamble of the Act which forms to this day the foundation of the Law of Settlement—the 13 and 14 Ch. II. c. 12, passed in 1662. This Act recites that "poor people are not restrained from going from one parish to another, and therefore do endeavour to settle themselves in those parishes where there is the best stock, the largest commons or wastes to build cottages, and the most woods for them to burn and destroy, and when they have consumed it to another parish, and at last become rogues and vagabonds to the great discouragement of parishes to provide stocks where it is liable to be devoured by strangers." It then goes on to protect parishes by provisions which proceed on the principle that every parish is an independent country, and ought to be empowered to repel all intrusion as a nation repels invasion. It provides that the parish authorities may, by warrant, remove any person coming to settle in any tenement under the yearly value of 10*l.* to "such parish where he or they were last legally settled either as a native householder, sojourner, apprentice, or servant for the space of forty days at least." The removal was to be within forty days of the poor person's arrival. The effect of this Act was to put the poor in the position of *serfs*, *ascripti glebe*, for it enabled the parish officers to turn a poor man out of any parish in which he might come to settle, no matter how reasonable might be his motive for changing his residence. So much was this the case, that one section of the Act expressly provides that poor people may leave their parishes to work at harvest or other work if they take with them a certificate from the minister and a churchwarden or overseer that they have a dwelling-place and family in their parish and do inhabit there. When the work was finished, they were liable to be sent back to the parish giving the certificate. On the other hand, the Act provided a simple rule as to settlements, for by implication it defined a settlement to be gained by residence for forty days "as a native householder, sojourner, apprentice, or servant," or by the renting of a 10*l.* tenement. As the power to remove applied only to persons coming to settle, the statute gave no power to remove a child born in a parish, and this was the origin of what are still known as birth settlements. The words "settle" and "settlement" had obviously no technical meaning when this Act was passed.

The Act of Ch. II. not being found sufficiently severe, it was enacted in 1685 (1 Ja. II. c. 17) that the forty days during which the poor person might be removed should not begin to run till he had given written notice to the overseers of his abode in the parish, and some additional formalities were attached to this notice in 1691 by the 3 W. & M. c. 11. This last-mentioned Act contained provisions which eventually became very important. It provided that if any one executed a public annual office for a year, or paid taxes and levies for a year, or was lawfully hired in any parish for a year, or was bound apprentice and inhabited under such a binding, he should gain a settlement even if he omitted to give notice in writing of his coming to reside—a notice which probably few poor persons ever thought of giving. In 1697 the rule as to the certificated poor was a little relaxed. They were allowed (8 and 9 W. III. c. 30) to reside in a foreign parish till they actually became chargeable, and could no longer be removed, as formerly, as soon as their work was finished. By an Act of the following year they were, however, prevented from gaining a settlement except by renting a 10*l.* house or executing an annual office (9 and 10 W. III. c. 11). The Legislature, in these Acts, was no doubt thinking chiefly of the removing parish, and did not intend to alter the general principle that residence was the ground of settlement. By the rule about notice it was probably meant to provide that, if a poor person came to settle, he was to get no settlement till forty days after a written notice to the overseers; but the Act did, in fact, destroy settlement by residence, for the parish to which the removal was made might say, "We never had notice," though the family, in fact, might have lived there twenty years.



For about a hundred years the law stood thus, and it must be confessed that a more iniquitous or oppressive system could hardly be devised. It seems to have been considered that a man who could not rent a 10*l.* house, or get made a parish constable, or be hired as an agricultural servant, or be bound apprentice, was not to be allowed to be at large without a ticket-of-leave in the shape of a certificate to show where he was settled. If, for instance, a mechanic came to a town to look for work and did not report himself to the overseers, he might at any time, whether chargeable or not, be returned to the place from whence he came; and if he did report himself, the overseers had six weeks to consider whether they would allow him to reside or not. Substantially the effect of this was to make the parish authorities petty tyrants over all the poor inhabitants, and to give them something approaching to absolute control over one of the most important parts of personal freedom—the right to remove at will from place to place, and to earn a living wherever it is to be had.

The effect of the abolition of settlement by residence no doubt was to increase vastly the number of poor persons who had no settlement at all except their settlement by birth; but this was qualified to a considerable extent by judicial legislation. The judges held that "it was contrary to Magna Charta" to remove a man from his landed property, and this gave rise to a kind of settlement called settlement by estate—settlement, that is, in a parish where the pauper had property. This, of course, was of rare occurrence and little importance, but, besides settlement by estate, the judges invented the doctrine of derivative settlements, which, though founded in reason and common sense, has led to consequences of the most grotesque absurdity and cruelty. The general principle of derivative settlements is that the settlement of the head of the family is the settlement of the wife and children. This is obviously reasonable, but the most absurd inference was drawn from it. Settlements were, and still are, regarded as defensible estates. If a child gains no settlement, he inherits that settlement which his father had when he came of age, or, if illegitimate, that which his mother had when he was sixteen. If the father gained no settlement before the son's majority, the grandfather's settlement at the father's majority is the son's settlement, and so on indefinitely. This is still the law.

In 1795 a considerable change was made. By an Act passed in that year (35 Geo. III. c. 101) it was provided that no poor persons should be removed from the place where they were inhabiting until they became actually chargeable to the parish, and settlement by residence or notice was abolished. This abolished the worst feature of the old system, for it took away the power of parish officers to make every parish boundary a frontier which the poor could not cross without a passport; but, like several other law reforms that might be mentioned, it was a step from intelligible cruelty to nonsense unintentionally cruel. To keep the poor *ascripti gleba* was an intelligible object, and the old law provided for it in a way. To allow the poor to seek work as they pleased, subject to being removed if they became chargeable to the place where they would have been retained if they had had no liberty, was to impose an unmeaning restraint on a power which, to be beneficial, should have been complete. The old law was, "You shall not leave the parish to which you belong." The new law was, "Belong to what parish you please, but if you become chargeable you shall be removed from the parish to which you do actually belong to the one to which, under the old law, you would have been obliged to belong." Absurd as it was, this was the only considerable alteration in the Law of Settlement—except some provision as to the terms on which tenements must be rented in order that a settlement might be gained—down to the New Poor Law in 1834, which abolished settlements by hiring and service and by serving offices, and introduced some other modifications.

In 1847 a new principle of great importance was introduced into the law. It was provided that no poor person who had resided in a parish for five years should be liable to be removed from it, and in 1861 the five years was shortened to three, and the area was increased from the parish to the union. This privilege, however, did not create a new settlement. It only prevented the pauper from being removed so long as he resided. If for any reason he changed his residence, he lost his status of irremovability (to use the somewhat clumsy language of the law), and became liable to be removed to his place of settlement if he became chargeable to the parish.

Such is the history and such the present state of the law. Like many other parts of our legislation, different portions of it have been enacted at different times, and in very different spirits; but the course that has been taken of constantly cobbling up the old law, instead of trying once for all to set the matter on a rational basis, has caused even our most modern legislation on the subject to be infected to a considerable extent with the vices which pervade the early Acts of Parliament to which the later ones had to be adjusted. The general view that runs through the whole is that every poor man is a burden, that he is attached to some parish or other, and that the paramount interest to be considered in disposing of him is not the interest of the community, nor the interest of the man, but the interest of the ratepayers. Let him be kept, not where he would be most useful or most happy, but where he belongs. The theory that every man belongs to some particular place, and that everywhere else he is an alien on sufferance, pervades the whole Law of Settlement. The sentiment is intelligible enough in reference to the state of society in which it grew up.

We can understand how it existed in times when the gentry were a kind of aristocracy, and when the country was full of extensive wastes and woods in which squatters and vagrants of all kinds might harbour—when there were few manufactures, and when the presumption was that, where a man was born, there he would grow up, labour, and die; but in our own times it is as much out of place as any other vestige of a bygone state of things. A short summary of the law will show how absurd it is:—

1. Every poor person belongs to some parish, and ought by rights to reside there, and be compelled to return there if he leaves it. Still, so long as he is not actually chargeable, he may live wherever he likes; nor is he to be removed at all from any parish if he has resided for three years without a break in the union in which it is situated.

2. If he rents a tenement of 10*l.* a year for a whole year, and pays rates, &c. in respect of it, or if he has an estate of his own and lives within ten miles of it, or if he was bound apprentice in a parish and resided under the binding, he belongs to the parish in which he has done either of these things.

3. If he has done neither, then he is to be removed to the last parish in which his father performed either of these conditions, or was hired and served for a year as a bachelor before the pauper attained twenty-one; and if the father never performed any such condition, resort must be had to the grandfather, and so on.

4. If it cannot be shown that any one of these conditions was fulfilled, then he must be removed to the parish where he was born; but the parish where his father or other ancestor was born, if ascertainable, has a prior liability, and the remoter the ancestor the stronger the claim, if no settlement has been gained in the interval.

We have described the origin of these derivative settlements. Their practical cruelty is as atrocious as their absurdity. The following case actually occurred, and is by no means an isolated one:—A man in Lincolnshire lately ran away from his family, leaving a wife and several small children. They all took his settlement. He had never gained one, nor had his father; but his grandfather was discovered, by painful inquiry, to have worked as a yearly servant for a farmer in a remote part of Norfolk in the year 1792, and thereupon the unfortunate wife and children were removed from all their friends and connexions to a place where they were as strange as if they had been transplanted to America. One minor evil attendant upon this absurdity is that it keeps alive all the old law on the subject, inasmuch as you may go back as far as you please to make out a derivative settlement, and the question what was the settlement of a man who lived in 1750 must of course be determined by reference to the state of the law as it then was. We have known a case of a derivative settlement by estate in which the evidence went back nearly, if not quite, one hundred years.

The absurdity of the law is annually increasing. As apprenticeships are going out of fashion, and as few of the persons who become permanently chargeable either live or ever have lived in 10*l.* houses, an enormous proportion of the class for whose sake the Law of Settlement is made have no settlements except derivative or birth settlements. There are in London many hundred thousand domestic servants. Many of them are irremovable, but probably hardly any have ever gained a settlement. They have only derivative or birth settlements. The first are absurd, the second capricious; both depend on accidental circumstances. The result is that the most important part of the law, and the only humane part of it, is that which prevents removal after three years' residence in a union; and this is a mere patch, an awkward palliation of a needless injustice. The net result of the whole law may therefore be broadly stated thus:—If a poor man comes upon the parish, all his plans of life and connexions are liable to be broken up, according to a set of rules which were never rational or just, but which in the course of two hundred years of patchwork legislation have become utterly unmeaning and capricious, unless he has lived for three years without intermission in one union.

A single practical instance sometimes gives a clearer notion of the iniquity of a law than much general discussion. The following case occurred in Derbyshire a month or two ago:—A cotton-spinner had lived in Glossop, in the north of Derbyshire, from his early youth to about the age of thirty. He had a wife and several children, whom he supported by working in various mills. In 1861 or '62 he went to Ashton, in Lancashire, some twenty miles off, to look for work, and took his family with him, intending probably to stay there if he found employment. After a few weeks he found that no work was to be had, and returned to Glossop, where he continued to support himself for about another year. In 1863 he became chargeable, and upon inquiry into his settlement it appeared that he had been born in the parish of Saffron Walden, in Essex, where his mother, who was the wife of a hawker, happened to be at that time. Neither he nor his father, nor any one belonging to him, had earned any other settlement, and to Saffron Walden this poor man with his whole family was accordingly removed, as it was held (legally enough) that he had broken his residence in Glossop by going to look for work at Ashton. Apart from the law of this, where is the common sense or even meaning of this proceeding? Why should Saffron Walden support, perhaps for an indefinite time, a whole family of paupers simply because thirty years ago a hawker's wife had a baby there? Why should a poor cotton-spinner and all his family be sent away from the only place where he was likely to be able to support himself or be of use to the public, or be known to

any one able to help him, to an agricultural parish with which he had nothing on earth to do, and where there was no work on which he could be employed? Glossop was obviously the place where it would have been reasonable to support him, and why should the fact that he left Glossop for a few weeks without a definite intention of returning there at all events sever that connexion? The answer to all these questions is that the course taken is the logical inference from a comparison of some half dozen Acts of Parliament which show, when put together, that Saffron Walden was the only parish which could not establish a right to remove the unfortunate pauper to some other place. As the law stands, it presumes every man who does not live in a 101. house to be an intruder, who ought to be removed unless he can show cause to the contrary.

Passing from the law as it is to the law as it ought to be, the first question that suggests itself is, What is the principle on which we ought to legislate? The principle itself is obvious enough—namely, that every one ought to be allowed to earn his living wherever and however he can, and without interference on the part of the Government; and the inference from this is plain—namely, that the burden of showing why a man should be removed from his place of abode ought to be imposed on those who seek to remove him. With all their tyranny, our older legislators, who had the advantage, at all events, of legislating with their eyes open and before the subject had been artificially obscured by Acts of Parliament, recognised this principle. The Act of Charles II., the foundation of the whole system, made forty days' residence a settlement. If a man was residing in a parish it prevented him from leaving it without permission, and virtually forced him to take the wages which his master offered; but it did not go on to provide that, if a man became chargeable, no length of residence should entitle him to remain where he was. The credit of this refinement of cruelty was reserved for a later generation, and the further credit of mitigating, instead of removing, the iniquity was reserved for our own times.

It would be a mistake, however, to make mere residence the principal or only ground of settlement, and it would be a mistake attended with the most grievous practical results. The law of irremovability, humanely as it was meant, has one dreadful result. No lighter word is adequate. It offers a premium on the destruction of cottages. As we have already shown, few agricultural labourers ever gain a settlement of their own, but if they live three years in a union they cannot be removed from the parish in which they live. Hence, if a landlord owns a parish and has labourers living in cottages upon it, he becomes liable to support them out of the rates after they have resided for three years. In order to escape this burden, many a landlord has the brutality to pull down every cottage on his estate, and force the labourers to herd together in some wretched agricultural town where they can get lodgings, from which they have to walk perhaps three or four miles daily to and from their work. This sort of oppression and wickedness excites and excuses the strongest language of demagogues, and does more to set the poor against the rich than a thousand inflammatory speeches. Grosser injustice can hardly be imagined than that Squire A. or B. should have the use of a poor man's labour for twenty years, and that, when he is worn out with rheumatism or crippled for life by an accident, the small shopkeepers and petty proprietors of some poverty-stricken village where he lodged during those years should have to maintain him.

Happily, the way to set these iniquities right is plain enough if the Legislature would take the trouble to understand the evil, and show the will to relieve it. It is a maxim of obvious justice that he who takes the advantage should bear the burden. "Qui sentit commodum sentire debet et onus" is as good sense as it is bad prosody. The poor-law rests on the principle that no man is to be allowed to starve; but who is to maintain the starving man? The intricate, clumsy, unmeaning answer given by the law we have sufficiently explained. The answer of common sense is, let him be sustained out of that which he has produced. Let the chance of having to support the labourer be a charge upon the produce of labour as much as wages, profits, and the interest of capital. In fact, the right to be supported out of the rates under certain circumstances is part of the labourer's wages. It is part of the consideration for which he works, and if the poor-rate were abolished it would have to be added to the amount paid for wages, unless the poor were ground down to a lower condition than that in which they stand at present.

This being the principle, how should it be put into practice? By abolishing at once and absolutely the whole existing Law of Settlement from the 13 and 14 Ch. II., c. 12, to the 24 and 25 Vic., c. 55, and by substituting for it a short Act to the effect that every poor person becoming chargeable shall be relieved by that parish in which he has last earned wages before becoming chargeable; but that if, in the course of (say) five years before he becomes chargeable, he has earned wages in more parishes than one, he shall be relieved out of the rates of that parish in which he has earned wages for the longest period of time in the said five years. Women and children not earning wages should be relieved by the parish in which the husband and father—or, if the children are illegitimate, in which the mother—is entitled to be relieved. A person becoming chargeable who had never earned wages (a very rare case) should be relieved in the parish where he resides. If this were the law, it would relieve the poor from a vast deal of petty oppression and anxiety. It would relieve parishioners from some, though in the present state of the law not much, expensive litigation, and it would cease to put the

interests of the landlord and his labourers in a state of artificial hostility. Hundreds would see that, as they would have to relieve their labourers at all events, and would not be able to shuffle off the burden on some neighbouring town, it would be for their own interest to get a good day's work out of them, instead of forcing them to expend two hours a day in walking along the road to and from their lodgings. In a word, it would put the saddle on the right horse, and carry out to its full extent the great principle of free trade in labour.

#### THE BRIGHTON ELECTION.

IT must be an immense honour to represent Brighton in Parliament. Judging from what men are willing to go through for the chance of attaining that position, we should say that it must be one of the very proudest distinctions that ever fired a generous ambition. After reading the accounts of the proceedings at last Saturday's nomination—not to speak of the little affairs of Monday and Tuesday, which have more than sustained the reputation of the borough—one is lost in admiring astonishment at the heroic endurance of which English gentlemen are sometimes capable when the prize of martyrdom is a seat in the House of Commons. Not one of the five patriots who on that occasion faced the fierce democracy of Brighton in its fiercest mood can have been ignorant of what was in store for him. It was perfectly well known beforehand that there was going to be an awful shindy, for elaborate precautions had been taken to minimize the risk to life and limb which was more or less incurred by all parties concerned. The hustings were carefully fortified in the best way that circumstances permitted. The structure was strongly boarded round on all sides but one; a roof of stout planking was put overhead; and the reporters were considerably secured in a box of extra depth, where they could neither see nor be seen unless they were imprudent enough to expose themselves voluntarily to the fire of the enemy. The result entirely confirmed the wisdom of these judicious arrangements. From beginning to end of the day's proceedings there rained on the chief performers a regular hurricane of missiles of all descriptions—stones, dirt, gravel, oranges, battered hats, boiled and unboiled potatoes—with the pleasing accompaniment of deafening yells from five thousand throats. We have no complete return of casualties; but the unfortunate Mayor is recorded to have got a black eye (not the last wound he has received from the enlightened electors), and the strength of the works which protected the reporters was tested by "a large boulder stone" which "came with startling force" against the boarding in their front. Conservative and Liberal speakers alike were impartially pelted, and more than one of the candidates must have eaten (without a metaphor) an amazing quantity of dirt. Yet we hear of no flinching in any quarter, unless we are to make an exception of one gentleman who resorted to the somewhat undignified expedient—which must have sadly interfered with the impressiveness of his oratory—of "continually bobbing about and shielding his face with his hat." Candidates, movers, and seconders, all stood manfully up to their work, as if they rather liked it than otherwise; and all, with a magnanimity which does credit to human nature, professed unbounded zeal for the elevation and glorification of the working-class of which their hearers were politely assumed to be a fair average sample. In a moral point of view, likewise, the day's proceedings included much which nothing but the very strongest sense of a duty to be performed, or of an honour to be won, could have rendered tolerable to gentlemen. The speakers, no less than the auditors, indulged in a liberal exchange of those little amenities which are only endurable in the pursuit of a cherished object of ambition. Even the refined and cultivated Mr. Fawcett—who, by the way, seems throughout to have enjoyed the rather questionable distinction of being the popular favourite—roundly charged his opponents with corruption and intimidation; and he was given to understand in his turn that he dealt in "calumnies," that he pursued an "ignoble course," and that he would retire from the contest with "a stigma upon his character." It is a fine thing for the country that men of intellect and social standing are ready to go through this sort of thing with no earthly object in view but the public good. It speaks volumes for the disinterested patriotism of English gentlemen that no fewer than five aspirants can be found in a single borough who, for the chance of performing gratis a most laborious service to their fellow-citizens, will subject themselves, for hours together, to insult and outrage not unattended by personal danger. Even under defeat, they sustain the same indomitable spirit which had carried them bravely through the conflict. At the declaration of the poll on Tuesday, Mr. Goldsmid pledged himself to his auditors, in the face of a shower of missiles, to come forward again on the first opportunity; and we have little doubt that his disabled and absent rival, Mr. Dumas—who had unfortunately fallen among the Philistines the night before and been very scurvily used—would be quite ready to give a similar undertaking. It is to be regretted that, as there was but a single vacant seat to dispose of, the martyrdom of four out of the five candidates necessarily went unrewarded. One and all, to the "Protestant champion" downwards, they claim our respectful admiration.

As might have been expected, the issue of the Brighton contest has provoked a good deal of angry sermonizing from the Radical journals. Disappointed partisans express unbounded indignation against those—candidates and electors alike—who have so



managed matters as to inflict an undoubted damage on what is called the popular cause. The result of the poll shows beyond a question that the Liberal party at Brighton is strong enough, if united, to return its man by a large majority; and it is only natural that those who divided its strength, and those who allowed it to be divided, should come in for some hard words. Mr. Dumas and Mr. Goldsmid are denounced as little better than traitors, and the electors are plainly told that they are fools. Such recriminations, however, are seldom profitable, and it is not clear that, in the present instance, they are altogether well founded. If the electors of Brighton have made a mistake, they will probably find it out and repair it at the first opportunity; but it is at least possible that they knew quite well what they were about, and that the result is not so wholly unsatisfactory to them as is supposed. After all, Liberal candidates cannot divide a Liberal constituency unless the Liberal constituency has its reasons for liking to be divided. The preliminary ballot which failed because Mr. Dumas affixed an inadmissible condition to it, or the odd proposal for referring the claims of the three competing Liberals to the arbitration of Mr. Cobden and two other M.P.'s, which broke down because Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Goldsmid could not agree, might perhaps have secured the unopposed return of one of the rivals; but the fact is not self-evident. It is not certain that the electors who voted for Mr. Dumas or Mr. Goldsmid would have crossed the street to give Mr. Fawcett a majority over Mr. Moor. As we do not observe that, at the nomination, one single word was said about politics, home or foreign, by any one of the candidates or their supporters, there seems no particular reason for supposing that the adherents of the three so-called Liberals were unanimous in desiring the return of a Liberal candidate. Perhaps it is still more questionable whether the unopposed return of any candidate whatever would have been agreeable to the constituency. It is at least an admissible hypothesis that what the majority of the electors wanted was a good rousing contest, with plenty of money disbursed for the good of trade. This is a weakness from which even Liberal and enlightened constituencies are not always exempt, and there is nothing incredible in the supposition that the Brighton Radicals have been consistently working for the exact result which, if we may credit Mr. Fawcett, they have got. When two candidates in a contest are understood to be rich men, and a third complains of corrupt expenditure, it is no very strained inference that the affair has been a good paying business for free and independent electors. Virtuous Liberal journalism may reasonably call in question the disinterested patriotism of Brighton and its ten-pounders, but the facts do not necessarily warrant the imputation of stupidity. On the whole, we think it probable that if the majority of the electors had been particularly anxious to return a Liberal member, they would have found the means of accomplishing their object.

Though it may be fairly maintained that this Brighton election is not exactly a case of "Conservative reaction," seeing that the Conservative candidate only succeeded by the divisions of his opponents, it must be admitted that it is a very serious Radical defeat. The mere loss of a vote in the House is the least part of the matter. Radicalism is damaged and discredited, not only by the disunion and blundering of its professed adherents, but, infinitely more, by the scandalous and indecent misconduct of the class which it ostentatiously takes under its patronage, and which it loves to bedaub with fulsome and interested adulation. It is possible that the mob of the nomination day was only partially composed of real working-men, but there is no reason to doubt that it largely consisted of that section of the community which the advocates of an indiscriminate franchise are eager to invest with supreme political power. It is easy to say that the ruffians who hooted and pelted every speaker except one were "roughs"; but mere roughs are not much accustomed to interest themselves in the political fortunes of a candidate who has nothing to give them but speeches and votes in Parliament. These men, odd as the fact seems, were vehement partisans of Mr. Fawcett; and they doubtless expect to come in for a share in that "extension of the suffrage" which is the favourite nostrum of Mr. Fawcett's political friends. We suppose, therefore, they must in some sort be accepted as typical specimens of those non-electors of whose unrepresented intelligence and virtue Radicalism proclaims itself the champion. In this point of view the Brighton election is not without its value at the present moment. When Mr. Baines once more brings forward his scheme for swamping the existing constituencies with a million or so of "intelligent working men," and transferring the government of the country to the uneducated majority, reasonable people will perhaps not wholly forget the most recent exhibition of the non-electoral mind. The present borough constituencies are far indeed from being all that a judicious politician could desire, but it is well that we should be sometimes reminded how very possible it is to go further and fare worse.

#### MR. SPURGEON ON POLAND.

FREQUENTERS of clubs and other centres of West-end gossip consider themselves to enjoy the best means of judging of political possibilities. Without disputing the expediency of cultivating an acquaintance with Pall Mall, an occasional visit to the East or South may be recommended to those who desire to estimate correctly the tendencies of popular opinion. The present Government may perhaps derive a useful warning from the fact that even Mr. Spurgeon, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, thinks it

will be in harmony with the feelings of his audience to introduce into a lecture upon Poland a fling at the diplomacy of Lord Russell. It should indeed be stated that, in this instance, Mr. Spurgeon had not gauged the feelings of his audience quite accurately. The response to his allusion to Lord Russell was not exactly what he appeared to have expected. He received no encouragement to pursue the subject; nor, perhaps, is the fact altogether surprising, for if there are any Englishmen who are still able to put faith in the name of Russell, the Tabernacle would be a likely place to find them in. That such faith still lingers is not surprising, for it is well known that the English public will listen in rapture to an Italian singer ten years after her voice is gone. But Mr. Spurgeon's little demonstration ought to warn Lord Russell that even the steadiest adherents of the cause for which Hampden and Sidney died are verging upon the confines of dissatisfaction with his foreign policy.

It is to be hoped that some clever emissary of the Russian Foreign Office will have been employed to observe and describe the proceedings at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Prince Gortschakoff will have shown unpardonable negligence if he has not improved this opportunity of rendering Poland's English sympathizers ridiculous. The first fact to which the attention of Russian tyrants should be directed is that an alliance has been concluded between the noble nation which they have so long oppressed and the Band of Hope. It is to be ascribed to the exertions of some eminent Dissenters who regard Mr. Spurgeon as their spiritual chief that the Band of Hope has been formed, with the principal object of propagating teetotalism. Whether or not this association can do much good for Poland is perhaps doubtful, except in one respect—namely, that its existence may be taken to prove that Hope, who, as all students of history are aware, bade farewell to the world on the death of Kosciuszko, has lately been induced to show herself to some persons of distinguished piety at the Tabernacle. However this may be, it is not doubtful that Poland has done some good for the Band of Hope, seeing that Mr. Spurgeon's lecture on the history of that unhappy country was lively, entertaining, and occasionally jocose. He filled the Tabernacle with an audience which he knew how to please, and doubtless the receipts at the doors were highly gratifying to the Treasurer of the Band of Hope. But it must be owned that the assistance offered by the Tabernacle to the Polish cause bore rather a strong resemblance to that which emanates from the English Foreign Office. There is, in the first place, the suggestion which the Band of Hope offers to the Poles, in common with other struggling nationalities, that they should turn teetotalers. If we may believe some of the publications of this society, it is water, and not beer or whisky, that makes men "o'er all the ills of life victorious," and therefore it may be usefully recommended as an antidote to the sufferings of the Poles under Russian despotism. There is, perhaps, one drawback to the practical character of this proposal—namely, that the Russian Government is, or was, intolerant of sobriety among its subjects, at least when carried to an extent which might be prejudicial to the revenue derived from spirits. However, the English sympathizers with Poland offer her this advice, to drink plenty of cold water; and they add a less novel recommendation, that she should put her trust in Providence. The chorus of the Band of Hope, consisting of six hundred children's voices, has declared its conviction that—

The day shall yet appear  
When the might with the right and the truth shall be;  
And come what there may to stand in the way,  
That day the world shall see.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Edmund Beales—who, in the absence of the Marquis Townshend, was requested to preside over the meeting to which Mr. Spurgeon lectured—will be able to convey to his Polish friends such comfort as might be derived from the choral exercises and other proceedings of the Band of Hope. Mr. Beales told the meeting that during thirty years he had dedicated to the cause of Poland whatever leisure he could spare from the duties of a laborious profession. Another way of putting the same case would be to say that Mr. Beales expends at public meetings called to express sympathy with Poland that fire and fury for which no sufficient vent is afforded by the Court of Chancery. It is to be feared that, if Mr. Beales were to display the same eloquence by day that he does by night, the only perceptible result would be that the Judge whom he was addressing would look at the clock. Mr. Beales deserves to be called a friend indeed of Poland, since he employs in her cause not only his voice but his right arm. As he has been for thirty years engaged in making demonstrations in this cause, he must have observed considerable varieties in the methods used to influence the public mind. It may be that the friends of Poland have, during the last thirty years, been growing older, and it is possible that with the lapse of time they have, like the elder Mr. Weller, progressed both in width and wisdom, until they perceived the inconvenience, and perhaps the impropriety, of dancing on behalf of Poland in public ball-rooms. In taking to singing, and migrating to the Tabernacle, they have probably obeyed the voice of nature, and they have certainly secured the assistance of Mr. Spurgeon, whose profession is incompatible with saltatory exertion in the cause of freedom. But although the Polish League has taken a course which was prudent and perhaps inevitable, it is scarcely to be supposed that that body has not felt some natural regret at the loss, but not to be forgotten, joys of its dancing days. Let it be emphatically repeated that Mr. Spurgeon is a most valuable ally; but, at the same time, Mr. Beales and his friends may be pardoned if they remember that the cause of Poland was once "supported

by Madlle. Fanny Elsler. It could not be expected that the series of dissolving views exhibited after Mr. Spurgeon's lecture would include a portrait of the famous dancer performing the *Cracovienne* on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre in a lancer's cap, a fur-trimmed jacket, and a pair of red boots with brass heels. There was, indeed, a portrait of a lady who had something to do with Polish history, but neither her dress nor her looks were otherwise than suitable for contemplation by the elders of the Tabernacle, which perhaps is more than could be asserted of the accomplished theatrical representative of female sufferers under Russian tyranny. The English friends of Poland, whether old or young, slim or stout, regenerate or worldly, seem to agree in this, that there is a good time coming for which the Poles ought to wait; but they differ in their views of how the Poles should fill up the intervening period. Mr. Spurgeon and the Band of Hope seem to think the best thing to do under the circumstances would be to sing choruses and drink plenty of cold water. Other sympathizers with Poland used, in the days of their youth, to relieve their own feelings by an annual ball, and they must have helped to propagate the notion, if indeed they did not themselves entertain it, that the Poles were in the habit of mitigating the horrors of Russian tyranny by the frequent and rapid performance of a toe-and-heel step. Although many stories have been told of the brutal oppression of both sexes in that unhappy country, it does not appear that the most atrocious monster who ever disgraced the Russian uniform has thought of interfering with the liberty of the Polish ladies to wear short petticoats and remarkably neat boots. The Jews could not sing in their captivity, but it seems to be expected that the Poles should dance under their oppression. If an enterprising dancing-master were to attempt to beguile the fashionable world into learning a new dance, he would certainly begin by fabricating for it a name which should be at once French and Polish. The first Napoleon either contrived or turned to good account the sympathy between France and Poland which has continued to the present day. If the popular English view of the character of the two nations be correct, that sympathy was highly natural. When France was overrun by Russia and her allies, consolation was derived by ravaged peasants from the effusion of some Tyrtaeus who assured the Cossacks that the dance was about to begin, but they would have to pay the piper. Similar consolation has been available for the kindred spirits of the Poles during the last thirty years; and if the *Cracovienne*, *Varsovienne*, and other imports into England have been of genuine Polish growth, it would appear that they have extensively resorted to the Terpsichorean remedy for the ills of life. It may be, however, that the Poles are beginning to perceive that neat boots with brass heels are, after all, vanity, and perhaps they would be open to invitation to abandon the ball-room for the Tabernacle. For the sake of novelty, as well as for the accommodation of devoted but gouty and short-winded friends, it might be advisable to try a "serious" Polish League, which should fight the great battle of oppressed nationalities by means of lectures and choruses rather than promiscuous dancing.

Theological differences will, it is to be feared, interfere with the proposed alliance between the Band of Hope and the Tabernacle, on the one hand, and the Polish nation on the other. Mr. Spurgeon does not usually mention Roman Catholics, native or foreign, otherwise than in strong language; and if he submitted to some degree of restraint in speaking of the religion of the Poles, he indemnified himself by hitting out pretty straight and hard when he came to deal with the part played in their history by the Jesuits. Denunciation of the Roman Catholics generally, or of the Pope or of the priests in particular, forms a necessary condiment of every intellectual feast held in the Tabernacle. And of course Mr. Spurgeon would be expected to infuse a comic element into the dismal tragedy by which a nation, once the bulwark, has become the suppliant of Europe. Even the sleek and discreet elders of the Tabernacle could hardly help feeling a glow of admiration for the exploits of that chivalry whose boast it was that, if Heaven should fall, they would support it on their lances' points. Not that Mr. Spurgeon introduced into his lecture a sentiment which might fairly be called profane. But he did say, because he knew it would be considered funny, that all Poles had a right to stick up for themselves. It is not yet two hundred years since a vast host of Turks, which threatened to overrun Europe, raised the siege of Vienna, and retreated, crying "It is the King!" before Sobieski and a few thousand Poles. We can hardly by any effort of imagination realize the possibility, which was at that time actual and imminent, that there might have been no place left in Europe either for Popery and Jesuits, or for Protestantism with its Tabernacles and Bands of Hope and Spurgeons. But there was once a day when Christendom believed that it owed to Sobieski, under Heaven, that it was not wiped off the face of Europe. Englishmen, remembering that such a day has been, if they can do nothing else for Poland, will at least desire to show respect for her in her sorrow and humiliation. The recent alliance between the Band of Hope and Poland seems to amount to this—that the Band of Hope is to sing choruses suggesting to the Poles the propriety of going in for a heavenly rather than an earthly freedom, while Poland becomes to the Band of Hope the subject of an amusing lecture. Now this alliance is much to be regretted, for really it is quite bad enough to have Lord Russell writing despatches about Poland without the additional aggravation of Mr. Spurgeon's jokes at the same time. Could anything of the kind be more distressing than to hear the reverend and facetious lecturer calling the Poles "bricks"? It would needlessly

and cruelly harrow the reader's feelings to explain how this witticism was evolved out of a disquisition upon the Polish language. The Poles and their cause are often made ridiculous by English sympathy, but there is no great danger of their being deceived by it. Indeed, the proceedings at the Tabernacle comprised a prudent, but scarcely necessary, warning to foreign nations against hoping anything from the Band of Hope. The most popular chorus of the evening, which had been composed in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, contained these lines:—

The Danish flag and England's  
Henceforth float side by side.

If the author of this composition, or the performers or audience, attached any definite meaning to these words, there might have been an uneasy consciousness in the Tabernacle that the series of "dissolving views" admitted of one addition. But of course these words meant nothing. We sing, or dance, or spout to express our sympathy with the oppressed, but we only use our hands, like Mr. Beales, to supply emphasis to our speeches.

#### MR. LAWSON AND THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS.

SIR THOMAS HESKETH, member of Parliament for the borough of Preston, has earned the gratitude of all who love to examine curious questions of social morality. He has opened a vein of inquiry which promises well. The end which he has proposed to himself is to discover what trade or calling exercises the greatest influence for good over those who pursue it. Beginning with his own country, he has gradually extended his observations over the whole inhabited globe, and his diligence has been crowned with the success which it deserves, for his efforts have resulted in the acquisition, not of a vague and mutable opinion, but of an actual and tangible piece of knowledge. "I know that the Licensed Victuallers' Association is a body second to none in the world in point of influence and respectability." Such was the thrilling announcement which he uttered at a public dinner within the precincts of his own constituency.

But be it observed that Sir Thomas is modest. As long as he is dealing only with the present time, he can afford to indulge in downright assertion. When he seeks to penetrate the distant past, he ceases to be positive, and confines himself to humble belief. "I believe that since the world began a more respectable, responsible, and better conducted race of men never existed than the licensed victuallers of England." There is the belief of Sir Thomas! There is his creed! It is only fair to conclude that he can give a reason for the faith that is in him. But, if that be the case, what a mine Sir Thomas must be of antiquarian, classical, and geological lore. Since the world began! Is not this the very question which is now vexing the scientific and religious community, when the world did begin? It is about this question that comparative anatomists are squabbling, and Greek professors being mulcted of their pay, and clergymen being suspended by Dr. Lushington and cut down by the Lord Chancellor. Has Sir Thomas disposed of the mystery before which Huxley stands aghast, from which Colenso flies to the protection of his favourite Zulu? Even as we write, the pen falters in our grasp at the thought of so mighty a problem so easily solved, and we feel that we are but as children playing on the shore of a great ocean of licensed victuallers.

After reading this colossal panegyric on a large class of our own countrymen, every Englishman possessed of a spark of curiosity or patriotism must desire to know more about this extraordinary body of men—a body of men than whom no more respectable, responsible, and better conducted race has existed since the world began. This desire may perhaps be shared by some of the licensed victuallers themselves, who appear to have been astonished, or at any rate deeply moved, by this public recognition of their merit, as appears from the exclamation of a Liverpool landlord, that "it was a great pleasure for the licensed victuallers to feel themselves held in such high estimation as they had heard from the lips of the honourable chairman." What are these men for whose superiors in respectability, responsibility, and good conduct we search the records of the ages in vain? What are they who are at least the equals of the Areopagites—at least not inferior to the Senators of old Rome and the Reformers of old Germany, to the colleagues of Solon and Cato, of John Knox and Washington? How do they evince their respectability? How is their responsibility manifest to the world? Under what bushel do they hide the candle of their good conduct, or do they set it on a candlestick that it may give light unto all that are in the public-house? What are the habits of this race, what their sentiments, and in what language do they announce those sentiments to the public ear?

Happily we have not far to look in order to get these questions answered. In this very month, at no less a city than Manchester, a meeting has been held by the Provincial Licensed Victuallers' Defence League. The report of this meeting is interesting, as showing the effect of strong excitement upon the highest natures. Mr. Lawson, one of the members for Carlisle, has announced his intention to bring forward a Bill, commonly known as a Permissive Act, "to enable owners and occupiers of property in certain districts to prevent the common sale of intoxicating liquors within their district." The purport of the Bill is to forbid the magistrates to grant or renew licenses for the sale of any alcoholic liquors within a borough or parish wherein two-thirds of the ratepayers have voted for the adoption of the Act. Now the



principal object of the meeting at Manchester was to protest against the threatened Bill, and to devise measures for defeating the schemes of Mr. Lawson. The licensed victuallers present on this occasion were, therefore, in a delicate position. They appeared as men defending their personal and class interests against the assaults of a man who, whatever may be thought of his judgment, can at all events have no selfish object in view. If Mr. Lawson had been a Temperance Coffee-house keeper or a retailer of ginger-beer, it would have been possible to suspect him of sinister motives in opposing the sale of spirituous liquors. As he is neither one nor the other, but simply the eldest son of a landed gentleman, it is but fair to suppose that he is acting from no lower motive than public spirit. The licensed victuallers, on the other hand, are contending on behalf of a traffic which, though of course perfectly justifiable in itself, concerns them as nearly as the institution of slavery concerned the planters of Jamaica, or as the state of the contract law concerns the planters of Bengal and Bahar. It would, therefore, have become the speakers at this Manchester meeting to abstain from glorification of themselves or abuse of their opponents, to be moderate in their statements, their reflections—above all, in their invective. Unfortunately, the overwhelming and painful interest of the subject under debate seems to have betrayed into abuse, never pointed and sometimes almost vulgar, men of respectability and responsibility hitherto unsurpassed in the annals of the world's history.

The proceedings opened with a speech from the chair, the report of which we give at length:—

The most exciting subject last year was the Sunday Closing Bill, but we got over it very comfortably. We have a new Maine Law threatening us next year. You see the folly of our temperance friends—there is no end of them. What is to become of the sixty millions of capital invested in the trade if this is to go on? to say nothing of the revenue derived. All that, I suppose, is considered to be nothing in the estimation of Mr. Lawson and Mr. Somes. We must have our friends go down to Carlisle with our friend Cleaver. You must see what you can do. And go to Newcastle too, and end him or bend him.

End whom, and bend whom? Our friend Mr. Cleaver? Unless the mouthpiece of the licensed victuallers considers himself to be, like Sigismund, *supra grammaticam*, this is the only conclusion we can arrive at. Besides, Hull being the constituency of Mr. Somes, there does not appear to be any one at Newcastle who requires to be ended or bended. However, we shall find, as we proceed, that the rhetoric of the licensed victuallers is singularly involved and grotesque. They appear to acquire, along with their permit, a lofty and mysterious diction almost unintelligible to unlicensed mortals. Witness the following passage from the speech of Mr. Earle, who appears to be a perfect master of alcoholic eloquence:—

The alliance party go upon this principle—that if a man cuts his throat with a razor, all razors should be prohibited. That is very foolish and childish. You might as well stop railway trains simply because a man throws his head under the wheels and dies. *The proportion of drunkards is almost as great as compared with the men that destroy themselves in this way.*

How many years must a man have kept a house of public entertainment before he can hope to evolve a lucid idea from these oracular expressions? As we gaze upon the awful and inextricable sentence our head reels, our eyes refuse their office, and we feel as if we were what we are licensed to be on Mr. Earle's premises.

The Secretary of the League next turns on his tap, and draws a copious potful of reasoning, uncommonly mild and flat, without any head to speak of—or tail either, for the matter of that. He dribbles on about Mr. Lawson, whose conduct he ascribes to a motive perhaps as abnormal as ever inspired the policy of a public man:—

Mr. Lawson is continually trying to raise questions with reference to this trade. His object seems, not to be to carry any good and useful measure that would benefit society, but simply to vex and annoy the licensed victuallers!

Imagine a politician who made the vexation and annoyance of licensed victuallers the one object of his career!—who at an election took his stand on the great principle of the chagrin of hotel keepers, and the mental agonies of the landlords of beer-shops!

After the Secretary has had his say, the meeting overflows the vat of moderation, and boils over in a torrent of heady vituperation, flavoured with the hop of sarcasm and the cocculus indicus of irony. Mr. Cleaver, fired at the notion of going down to Newcastle to end or bend the Great Unknown, burst forth with "the thin edge of the wedge of a Maine Law," and "those teetotal chaps walking over," and all that beery declamation which we know so well. He is followed by Mr. Cooper, who closes the discussion with a peroration worthy of the occasion and the audience:—

With regard to the Maine Law, I am satisfied that it will never become the law of England. The people would never be dictated to by such a parcel of humbugs as the temperance people. So far as Bolton was concerned, all respectable men had left the teetotal body there.

The licensed victuallers had better take care. There is a peculiar vein of abuse which is generally regarded as the symptom of a failing cause. When a class of men who are standing up for their personal interests begin to talk of the dictation of a parcel of humbugs, the more observant part of the world begins to think that those interests are really in danger. When the *John Bull* got to attaching the epithets of hypocrite and double-dealer to such men as William Wilberforce and Zachary Macaulay, all knew that slavery was tottering to its fall. When Lord George Bentinck fell so very foul of Sir Robert Peel, wise

Free-traders rejoiced, and Protectionists who knew the signs of the times hung their heads. The way to defeat Mr. Lawson is not to call him a humbug, and appeal to Englishmen in general against the dictatorship of teetotallers, but to show to the satisfaction of the public that the adoption of his measure is undesirable and inexpedient on public grounds. The weapons of the licensed victuallers should be, not sneers and nicknames and Jeremiaads about the degeneration of Britons, but arguments, illustrations, and statistics. Our own opinion as to the merits of the Total Abstinence cause has been frequently expressed, and need not be repeated here; but there can be no question as to the motives of its advocates. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of the Teetotal agitation, it will be well for the licensed victuallers to accustom themselves to moderate their language when defending their private gains against assailants who are at any rate disinterested; and it will likewise be well for certain Members of Parliament to be more chary of the butter which they spread over their constituents, and not to ransack the history of the world in vain for the purpose of finding a parallel in respectability and conduct to the keeper of a pot-house.

#### COLUMBINES AND CASUALTIES.

THE meeting of theatrical managers recently convened by the Lord Chamberlain has attracted, and very justly, the attention both of the public and the press. That places devoted to public entertainment are, as well from their structure as from their decorations and amount of lighting, more than ordinarily liable to casualties, is obvious; and that no precautions against loss of life or damage to limb can be too great is equally palpable. At the same time, it may be right to state that, in comparison with similar accidents in other places, those which occur at theatres are comparatively few in number. That the present and the last year have each been marked by loss of life at a theatre is certainly an all-sufficient reason for enforcing old or for suggesting new precautions. Happy, however, would the railway company be which could report only one accident in twelve months; and scarcely less fortunate the district or parish in the metropolis, or in cities and towns great or small, which has suffered during the same period from only one fire. From fire, indeed, "no place is sacred, not the church is free," and we have yet to learn that escape from danger in these cases is more certain, or better provided for, than it is at present in buildings which have the reputation of being extraordinary.

In fact, it strikes us that, as regards fire, or—what is scarcely less prejudicial than "the devouring element" of the penny-aliners—panic, there is a vast amount of apathy in the public. True it is that Exeter Hall cannot be set on fire by the inflammable speeches periodically delivered within its walls, and that its spiritual entertainments and occasional oratorios and concerts are far less perilous to the bodies of the audience than are scenery, gas-burners, canvas, and gauze petticoats. Yet even Exeter Hall is not, so far as we are aware, exempt from the accidents of mortality, and in case of such casualties its provisions for safety and quick discharge of a crowd are very deficient. We have, however, to deal at this moment with what has actually happened, and not with a contingent peril. Granting to the full the liability of theatres to grave risks at all times, and to serious calamities at some, we learn from the late proceedings occasioned by the melancholy death of a Columbine by fire that in theatres alone, among all our public places of entertainment, is any extra precaution or inspection applied. By virtue of the powers granted him by the Act of Parliament "for the better regulation of theatres," the Lord Chamberlain can refuse a license to any theatre not considered by him as ordinarily secure against fire or sufficiently furnished with precautions against it. He can and does insist, as the condition of licensing such buildings, that there shall be provision for the rapid discharge of an audience, that the means of extinguishing fire shall be ample and readily available, and that every possible hindrance to escape shall be removed. The regulations recently issued by him, although they may be novel to the public generally, are by no means new in practice. They have been, for the most part, in force for nearly twelve years, and their enforcement is watched over and confirmed by a regular annual inspection, and by occasional visits of an officer whose duty it is to report upon all deviations from the rules and every deficiency in precautions. We are not aware that any such vigilance, permanent or periodical, is applied to places scarcely less dangerous than those which the public believes to be the least secure. Magistrates license many descriptions of houses in which the materials for ignition are amply provided, and from which facilities for egress by no means abound. But we have yet to learn that any bench of justices makes even tolerable security for the public the condition of a license. From the *Code Napoléon* to the rules of a goose-club no law can be so comprehensive as to include every kind or degree of provision for public protection. The chapter of accidents is even more voluminous than the statutes at large. The regulations of the Lord Chamberlain accordingly contemplate only such ordinary casualties as can be foreseen. They proceed on the assumption that a theatre, from its prime necessities—abundance of artificial light, inflammable materials, and the number of persons employed, in many of whose heads the organ of carelessness is not strongly developed—is a place more than commonly subject to disasters. They direct, therefore, that every part of such building shall be made and kept

as far as possible secure, and point out the necessity of ample supplies of whatsoever will arrest or mitigate the possible peril. But there is a class of dangers less within the reach of prevention than the general condition of the building. And it is precisely a class that has recently forced itself on public attention. To prohibit spectacle and pantomime would, by the British public, or that large portion of it which is made up of young folks and parents or guardians, be accounted a tyranny becoming a Stuart, or perhaps a Nero. They will be amused at the festivals of Christmas and Easter, and they will not be scared out of their periodical pleasures by a cry of "Fire!" But it is this very class of entertainments which renders the places in which they are given so extra-perilous. There is scarcely any risk in the performance of the regular drama; there is more in the drama of Fitzball, in which the genius of blue and red fire prevails; yet more in the brilliant spectacle in which gas and gauze are the very poetry of the scene. No one, however, of these classes comes near pantomime in hazard. The rapidity of the changes, the throng of performers, the constant shifting of lights, render King Christmas a potentate from whom insurance offices recoil, and on whose departure, we believe, every prudent or nervous manager rejoices.

It cannot be denied that the public is in some measure a party to the increasing danger of such entertainments. Managers, indeed, with each revolving year, outvie one another in the use of combustible materials. Poor *Mother Goose* of the beginning of this century would be hooted as a shabby old beldame by the fireworshippers of the present moment. *Timour the Tartar* and his chivalry would be sent to the awkward squad unless he arrayed his forces before a resplendent transformation scene. A heavy yoke is laid upon the caterers for public pleasure. If not the wisest, they must be the brightest of mankind from Boxing-night to Valentine's-day at the least. In the darkest season of the year the public demands all the pomp and circumstance of which the fire-god is capable. The enlightened public accordingly has no small share in the hazardous character of these entertainments. At the meeting summoned by the Lord Chamberlain, the managers with one consent affirmed that not only all possible precautions were taken at ordinary seasons, but also that increased vigilance was exerted during that of the pantomime. One reason assigned by them for the late deplorable calamity to the Columbine at the Pavilion was that she nightly disobeyed the managerial laws. Another was that, whereas ladies in general were hard to rule, the ladies of the ballet were the least obedient members even of the female sex. We have not experience enough in the arts or mysteries of the stage to warrant us in gainsaying either the one or the other proposition. It may be that nothing is left undone that ought to be done behind the scenes for guarding the performers; it may also be, and our faith leans that way, that ladies in light attire make light even of laws made and provided for their especial behoof. This, however, we are prepared to affirm, that increasing risks demand increasing vigilance, and that the public pleasure must not be purchased by a perennial sacrifice of victims to Moloch.

On reviewing the regulations now issued by the Lord Chamberlain, we are disposed to think that, although they may not suffice altogether to prevent similar casualties, they will at least considerably mitigate them should they occur, and even diminish the number of them. Better, however, than all or any regulations *ab extra*—regulations which can be only partially prospective, however practical as regards proven casualties—will be a better discipline behind the *proscenium*. The managers may be assured that public attention is now directed to them and their arrangements; that such casualties are not only deplorable in themselves, but detrimental to their own managerial credit; and that, however difficult it may be to rule, some regimen must be devised and persisted in, even if its subjects be the *varium et mutabile semper*. We suggest no special precautions—they have already been directed or suggested by the Lord Chamberlain; we attach blame to no individual; we believe that the managers did not exaggerate the amount of their ordinary care or their anxiety for the safety of the public and the performers. But the exigencies of the time demand the invention of new safeguards; and the managers will do well, and only do what is expected of them, in devoting their serious attention to the casualties of the stage. Annual victims are a high price to pay for the most sumptuous transformation scene or the most picturesque of ballets. Either artists or the public must make a sacrifice, or the managers must be as fertile in expedients against danger as the one is ingenious in new effects or the other exorbitant in demanding them. Much, as appears by the Lord Chamberlain's letter to the managers, has been done within the last twelve years towards improving the arrangements and increasing the security of theatres, but much remains to be done before we can feel assured that what is intended for mirth and laughter is not fraught with the elements of a tragic issue.

## REVIEWS.

### GENERAL MOURAVIEFF.\*

ACCORDING to the majority of Russian critics, the countenance and character of General Mouravieff bear a striking resemblance to those of the Archangel Michael. Photography and

Prince Dolgorukov, on the other hand, represent him as a being whose features and disposition are the very reverse of angelic. A coarse, ignoble face, a bullet head, a heavy, ungraceful figure, appear on the General's *carte-de-visite*. A spoiler of the weak, a fawner on the strong, a tyrant to his subordinates, a traitor to his friends—such is the hero of Prince Dolgorukov's amiable little sketch. But neither photographers nor exiled princes can be implicitly relied upon. In their portraits the shadows are apt to be so deepened, and the defects to be so prominently rendered, that but scanty justice is done to the unfortunate sitter. Even Mouravieff may not be as black as he is represented, and while accepting the greater part of Prince Dolgorukov's account of that General's career, we may fairly entertain a suspicion as to the accuracy of some of its details. General Mouravieff belongs to an old and honourable family, many of whose members have distinguished themselves at various epochs of Russian history. Of its origin the following account is given by the Prince, who is intimately acquainted with the pedigrees of every Slavonic magnate, and often takes a fierce delight in hewing down a pretentious family tree. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, there was living in the principality of Riasan a certain noble, Vasily Alapovsky by name. He had three sons, one of whom, called Iov, remained in Riasan, and founded there the now extinct family of the Alapovskys; the two others—Osip, surnamed Pushcha, or *The Thicket*, and Ivan, surnamed Muravei, or *The Ant*—migrated to Novgorod. Ivan III. after overcoming the resistance of the sturdy inhabitants of that republican city, had banished the greater part of them from their homes, and their places were filled by more tractable Slaves summoned from all parts of Russia. Among those who arrived in the year 1500 were Pushcha and Muravei, and from them are descended the two families of the Pushchins and the Mouravieffs. To the latter belongs the General in whom we are interested at present.

Besides the genuine Mouravieffs, there are two families which bear their name, but cannot claim kin with them. One of these was founded by Ignaty Mouravieff, a fortunate soldier in the Preobrajensky regiment, who was ennobled by the Empress Elizabeth. The other owes its designation to a royal caprice. The Emperor Paul was one day inspecting a corps of cadets, and happened to ask one of them what his name was. "Prikazny, sire," answered the youth. Now the word *Prikazny* may be freely rendered by *official*, and Paul hated officials. So His Majesty exclaimed, "I can't bear Prikaznys, they are never of any use to me," and then turning to Michael Mouravieff, continued, "Men like you are much more serviceable; let the lad be a Mouravieff." And accordingly there appeared a ukase next day by which the cadet's name was changed from Prikazny to Mouravieff.

The father of General Michael Mouravieff was himself a general officer, and filled the post of director of a military college. He had five sons, four of whom have achieved distinction. Alexander, the eldest, a man of liberal ideas and generous character, was an active member of the Secret Society which became so powerful during the last years of the Emperor Alexander I., and, being implicated in the conspiracy which was crushed by Nicholas on his accession to the throne, was exiled to Siberia. After several years, however, he was allowed to return home, and he eventually attained to the rank of Governor and Senator. The second son, Nicholas, is well-known in England as the General who commanded at the Siege of Kars. Andrew, the fourth, is distinguished as an author, his works *On Church Services* and the *Lives of the Saints* being as popular as they are orthodox. The youngest brother has not yet made his name known beyond his family circle.

Michael, the third son, was born in the year 1796, and received his first commission in time to admit of his participating in the campaign of 1813. On his return to Russia, he became Mathematical Professor in the college over which his father presided, and devoted himself to science and politics. He joined the band of youthful enthusiasts who looked forward to the speedy arrival of a Slavonic Millennium, and his marriage with a lady whose sister was the wife of Yakushkin, the most energetic of the revolutionary party, linked him still more closely to the cause of progress. Prosperous liberalism was not destitute of charms for him, and he was ready to serve even under the banner of freedom, as long as it was his interest to do so. But with the crash of the 14th of December, when Nicholas foiled the plans of the republican conspirators, and trampled out the fire of insurrection which they had kindled, Mouravieff's day-dreams were rudely dispelled. The roar of the Imperial cannon rendered him for ever deaf to the voice of liberty, and in the gloomy cell of the Fortress of Peter and Paul, in which he found himself confined, his political ideas underwent a thorough change, and his young aspirations entirely shifted their direction. With heartfelt contrition, manifested it is said by copious tears, he confessed that he had attended meetings of the conspirators, though he denied that he had ever joined in their crimes. Such penitence did not prove ineffectual. His friends and kinsmen died on the scaffold, or were sent to waste away their lives in Siberia, but Mouravieff obtained his freedom, and with it the title of a State Councillor and the office of a Vice-Governor. His former companions naturally accused him of having betrayed them in order to secure his own safety and advancement, and it is evident that either he must have behaved with singular baseness or the Government with very exceptional generosity. In after life his temper was apt to be ruffled by any allusion to his connexion with the Decembrists, and the story is well known of a speech he made at

\* *Mikhail Nikolaevich Murav'ev*. Sochinenie Knyaza Dolgorukova. Imprimerie du Prince Pierre Dolgoroukov. Londres: 1864.  
The Polish Question and General Mouravieff. By an Englishman. Causton & Sons.



Grodno, where he was appointed Governor after the fall of Warsaw. Prince Dolgorukov's version of it is that:—

When he arrived at Grodno, he heard that one of the inhabitants had asked—"Is our new Governor related to Sergius Mouravieff-Apostol, who was hanged in 1826, whom I used to know?" Mouravieff foamed with rage, and shouted—"Tell that Polish fellow that I am one of the Mouravieffs who hang, not of those who are hanged."

Mouravieff soon ingratiated himself with Nicholas, who appreciated ability when united with unhesitating obedience, and in the year 1832 he was appointed Military Governor of Minsk. His chief exploit in that capacity, if Prince Dolgorukov is to be trusted, was to render an essential service to Prince Leon Radziwill, a favourite of the Imperial Court, at the expense of justice and a number of perfectly uninfluential agriculturists. Some of the Radziwill estates had passed into the hands of persons who had advanced money on their security, and whose title, sanctioned by the Statute of Lithuania, was confirmed by an unchallenged possession during half a century. Prince Leon was anxious to recover the family acres, but the action which he brought against the occupants for that purpose would have been dismissed had not Mouravieff interfered. Before the proceedings in Court were concluded, he drove the unfortunate tenants from the disputed estates, without allowing them to take away anything from their houses. Then, in defiance of the law, he decided that the land and all that was on it belonged to Prince Radziwill, and thus, by a stroke of his pen, utterly ruined many families in order to gratify one courtier.

His conduct was fully appreciated at St. Petersburg, and on returning there he was made a Lieutenant-General:—

In the fulness of his joy [says his biographer] he hastened to assume the epaulettes of a general officer. Unluckily for him, Cherniuev, the Minister of War, who could not endure him, happened to meet him, and after having the pleasure of informing him that an officer had no right to assume a general's epaulettes until his appointment had been announced in an Imperial ukase, hastened to report his conduct to the Czar. Nicholas, who was fanatically attached to routine, was furious against Mouravieff, and cancelled his promotion on the spot.

It required the performance of many services, and the lapse of much time, to reconcile the Imperial martinet to the author of so grievous a breach of the etiquette of military tailoring.

After a while, Mouravieff was appointed Governor of Kursk, a province in which the taxes had for some time past been very irregularly paid, for the land and its farmers were equally poor. Heavy arrears were due at the time of his arrival, and, eager to distinguish himself, he entered upon a campaign against the unhappy defaulters, driving away the peasants' cattle, stripping their wretched huts, and selling their scanty furniture. There, as in every district which he has ruled, his name is associated in the minds of the people with recollections of oppression and of wrong. Additional honours were soon conferred by the Government on so useful a man. Kankrin, the Minister of Finance, who was related to him by marriage, took him into his office as Director of the Department of Taxes and Excise, and repeatedly entreated the Emperor to restore to him the forfeited rank of Lieutenant-General. But Nicholas had not yet forgotten the epaulette escapade, and sternly refused. In 1842, however, Mouravieff was appointed Senator, with the civil rank of a Privy Councillor, and soon afterwards he was named Director-in-Chief of the Surveying Corps. Taking advantage of the passion for uniforms to which Nicholas was subject, he obtained permission to equip his surveyors in military costume, and this led to his gaining, in 1849, the long-coveted position of a Lieutenant-General, and the privilege of wearing the epaulettes which fate and the Minister of War had snatched from his shoulders fifteen years before.

Another year passed, and he was appointed a member of the Imperial Council. In this capacity he was a colleague of Panin, the Minister of Justice, a rival of whom he was very jealous, but as Director of the Surveying Corps he was his subordinate. He would not resign the latter post, for it brought him a large salary, besides the right of travelling throughout the Empire at the public expense, while the patronage it involved ensured him numerous friends and clients. But his inferior position annoyed him, and he strained every nerve to improve it by obtaining an office among the Ministers. In 1856 Count Kisseleff gave up the portfolio of the Imperial domains, on becoming ambassador at Paris. Mouravieff tried hard to gain the vacant place, but he did not succeed, for Sheremetev was appointed Minister, with Khrushchov as his colleague. However, on the death of Perovsky, the Minister of the Department of Appanages, Mouravieff became President of that office, having agreed to an arrangement by which the title and salary of Minister fell to the share of Count Adlerberg. Soon after this, Sheremetev was disabled for work by a paralytic stroke, and Mouravieff began at once to intrigue for his place. Having already secured Adlerberg's interest, he now applied to another man of great influence, Prince Orloff. Prince Dolgorukov's account of the affair is as follows:—"Orloff believed that Russia was rapidly becoming ruined, and therefore realized his property as fast as possible, and sent the proceeds out of the country. At the time of Mouravieff's application to him, he was very anxious to dispose of a palace which had been nominally bought by him some years before. In reality it had been given to him by the Emperor Nicholas, for the purchase-money, 400,000 roubles, had been advanced by the Treasury, and Orloff never repaid it. Knowing this, Mouravieff promised that, if he became Minister of the Imperial domains, he would purchase the palace for Government. On this condition Orloff agreed to support his claim. Mouravieff was appointed Minister in

April 1857, and on his reporting that the offices set apart for the business of his department were ill-provided with stoves, Orloff's palace was a second time purchased at the expense of the country.

Before Mouravieff became Minister, it is said that Orloff and Adlerberg made him promise not to advocate the cause of serf emancipation. Prince Dolgorukov asserts that the Emperor Alexander was originally opposed to that cause, but that he yielded to the advice of his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine. However this may be, it is certain that the supporters of serfdom looked on the Grand Duke as their principal opponent. Mouravieff secretly thwarted him as much as possible, though in public he professed to agree with his views; enthusiastically exclaiming in Council, "Ten years hence, we shall blush to think that there ever were serfs in Russia," but privately assuring the provincial nobility that no change was likely to take place in the laws affecting the peasants. As Vice-President of the Geographical Society, Mouravieff and the Grand Duke, who was its President, were often thrown together, but there could be little sympathy between two such opposite natures. A secret struggle was going on between the Constantinists and Adlerberg's party, which ended in the temporary discomfiture of the former. The Grand Duchess was induced to believe that her husband's health was endangered by the life of anxiety he was leading, and she persuaded him to retire from the turmoil of St. Petersburg to the peaceful shores of the Isle of Wight. Mouravieff and his friends triumphed for a while, but their victory was shortlived. The disturbances which broke out at St. Petersburg and Moscow so alarmed the Emperor that he summoned the Grand Duke from abroad. Constantine returned; his stronger character soon enabled him to regain his former influence over his brother, and one of his first acts was to turn Mouravieff out of the Ministry. The people were delighted at the General's downfall, for he had made himself most unpopular during his tenure of office. He had laid on heavy taxes, he had insisted on their being paid in advance, and he had degraded every taxgatherer who showed mercy or remissness in his calling; and therefore a general sensation of relief was felt throughout the Empire when the news spread, towards the end of 1861, that "the Locust" was dismissed. His feelings, no doubt, were of a different nature, but he was consoled by a present of lands, so great that even the courtiers of St. Petersburg were scandalized for the moment.

A short space of time elapsed, and the Polish insurrection broke out. The Russian commanders in Lithuania proved unequal to the task of stemming the tide of revolt, and Mouravieff was sent there. Prince Dolgorukov does little more than allude to his conduct at Wilna. Much as he hates Mouravieff, he cannot bring himself to love the insurgent Poles, and he abruptly closes his narrative with a condemnation of their behaviour. It is probably the only part of the book with which the "Englishman" who writes on *The Polish Question and General Mouravieff* will agree. Of his pamphlet we have only to say that it is as thoroughly Russian in feeling as Mouravieff himself could desire, and that his efforts deserve the gratitude of those authorities whom he worships with apparently genuine sycophancy.

#### MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS.\*

IT is certainly satisfactory to meet with a man of genius who is neither eccentric nor disreputable. It is the common reproach of men to whom that mysterious gift has been granted, that from some cause or other their personal history has been marked by oddities and infirmities, or by something worse. In fact, it has come to be popularly held that a man of genius cannot be a man of common-sense or of self-denial. Whether it be that the peculiar organization of the brain which is requisite to the possession of genius is also necessarily deficient in solidity and healthy activity, or whether the cause is less purely physical, the world believes that genius, as such, is unfavourable to the development of the more practical and self-sacrificing virtues. Whatever be the real facts on which this popular prejudice rests, they are, moreover, considerably exaggerated by the equally popular prejudice in favour of respectable stupidity. It is comforting to one's self-love to reflect that if we cannot produce a great poem, or paint a grand picture, or invent logarithms or the differential calculus, or speak like Demosthenes, or write music like Beethoven, we are yet so admirable as sons or husbands, and have so sound a balance at our banker's, and are altogether such respectable members of society that, after all, we are practically of more value to the world than those who have possessed the most extraordinary intellectual gifts. The vulgar theory that there exists some hidden alliance between virtue and mediocrity is, in fact, neither more nor less than one of the forms taken by that peculiarly odious form of selfishness, the passion of envy. Yet it may be admitted that a man of genius who is at the same time a good son, a good brother, a good husband, a good father, temperate, reasonably economical, free from jealousy of all rivals, even pious, and, with all this, remarkably good-looking, and (notwithstanding an ugly trick of chewing his handkerchief) unquestionably gentlemanly, is such a phenomenon as we cannot hope to behold more than once in a lifetime. If anything more can be supposed needful to make up an almost impossible combination, let us suppose that the phenomenon in question was not only an extraordinarily precocious boy, but that in early youth he attained a wide-spread popularity, which continued increasing up to the

\* *Letters of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, from 1833 to 1847.* Translated by Lady Wallace. London: Longman & Co.

time of his death, and that his special gift lay in that very art which is supposed to be singularly uncondusive to the type of character which the world calls respectable. Yet such a man was Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. And it is as furnishing illustrations of his personal history that the second volume of his correspondence, recently translated by Lady Wallace, is full of interest to the general, as well as the musical, reader. Many of his existing letters have, indeed, been kept back, as of too intimately private a nature to be suitable for present publication, and consequently we have but glimpses of that purely home life in which much of the singular charm of his nature was displayed. Still we have enough of the man, in all his relations, to account for that unusual degree of attachment which the last of the great musicians attracted wherever he was known.

Those who are fond of speculating as to a composer's personal peculiarities from the picture he gives of himself in his works, will not be far wrong if they judge of Mendelssohn by this test. Breadth of idea, seriousness of purpose, an aversion to everything hollow or superficial, untiring energy and activity tending to nervous and almost feverish restlessness, a deep inner love for the pure, the beautiful, the tender, and the calm—these are the characteristics of his music, as they were of himself. A man of strong and steady feeling, but not of intense overmastering passions—of healthy, honest-hearted cheerfulness, rather than of mercurial vivacity or exuberant animal spirits—he uttered everything that was in him in the endless variety of works which he poured forth in the five-and-twenty years of his musical career. Music was to him eminently a language. He wanted no words when melody and harmony could speak his thoughts. In a passage in one of his letters he expresses his ideas as to the expressive powers of musical sound with a decision which will be incomprehensible to those who do not feel as he felt:—

There is so much talk about music [he writes to a friend at Lubeck], and yet so little really said. For my part, I believe that words do not suffice for such a purpose, and if I found they did suffice, then I certainly would have nothing more to do with music. People often complain that music is ambiguous, that their ideas on the subject always seem so vague, whereas every one understands words; with me it is exactly the reverse—not merely with regard to entire sentences, but also as to individual words; these, too, seem to me so ambiguous, so vague, so unintelligible when compared with genuine music, which fills the soul with a thousand things better than words. What the music I love expresses to me is not thought too indefinite to be put into words, but, on the contrary, too definite.

This, in truth, is the root of the whole matter, and it is in this use of musical sound for the expression of ideas, apart from all verbal language, that the musical poet is distinguished from the mere maker of music. Sound speaks thoughts as truly as a landscape or a flower is full of expression, or as the human countenance speaks, though no articulate sounds are uttered. To those who are destitute of the musical organization such a notion may seem inexplicable and visionary; yet, by a similar deficiency, there are minds so constituted that a rose or a lily, the Cascade of Terni or the Bay of Naples, no more awakes any special thought or feeling in their breasts than does a dusty road or a meadow full of ditches. To the true composer and lover of music, on the contrary, these innumerable combinations of concords and discords, these successions of notes high and low, express with an inimitable accuracy all that multiplicity of conceptions and feelings which the human mind is capable of entertaining. All our ideas of law and order, of unity and movement, of moral beauty and sweetness, of human energy and strength and self-reliance and tenderness and sorrow and agony, with every variation in the fleeting moods of the heart, find as real and satisfying a vehicle of utterance in the combinations of genuine music as in the plays of Shakespeare or the Psalms of David. And it is in the power of creating these combinations, as expressions of the characteristics of an individual mind of an eminently vigorous, sensitive, and human constitution, that the great gift of what is called "style" consists. A composer whose character is strongly marked above that of ordinary men, and who unaffectedly and genially thinks in musical sounds, naturally and without effort writes with a special style which is emphatically new and his own. Inferior composers are but the imitators of other men's language. Either their thoughts are commonplace, or they have not the imaginative and inventive faculty wherewith to express them. A commonplace mind may be highly sensitive to the effects of music, and may possess moreover the inventive faculty, as such, in a considerable degree; but no commonplace mind can write music with a definitely marked and characteristic style of its own. It can but reflect its own mediocrity in the language it has borrowed from others. And thus it is that, when we attempt to analyse or describe Mendelssohn's style as a composer, we can do little more than point out its striking truthfulness as a representative of that which was in him. Hence, further, it is, what to many persons seems so surprising, that the greatest works of the great masters have been written in their full manhood or during the approach of age. The explanation of the fact is to be found in their increased experience of the realities of human life—its passions, its pleasures, its vanity, and, above all, its sorrows. The more profoundly they have learnt to think and to feel, the more profound are the emotions they have to express. They have learnt to speak what they know, not merely what they imagine. And we entertain no doubt that, had Mendelssohn lived to be fifty or sixty, there would have been as vast a difference between his earlier and his later works as there is between Mozart's first mass and his Requiem. Mozart's Requiem was the

work of a mind forced into contemplation of those realities of the unseen which he knew he was shortly to behold. His earlier masses are the graceful and brilliant poems of an imagination uninstructed by the pains of experience, and regarding the object of its faith from the point of view of a Kapell-Meister bound to supply Kyries and Credos to order in abundant sufficiency. In Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio, *Christus*, the traces of this progress of his mind are fully manifest. Throughout, it displays that increasing feeling for purity of tune, and for repose rather than ingenuity in harmony, which accompanied the maturing of his mind and judgment on all affairs, whether musical or otherwise. From the first, indeed, that union of cheerfulness with seriousness, of sober judgment with eager enthusiasm, which was so striking in his personal life, is to be discerned in his works. The passages for the wind instruments, equally novel and charming, in his overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, were typical of that inner life of repose which lay hid beneath an exterior of eagerness and impetuosity. His likings and dislikings for the works of other masters were in like manner the result, not so much of taste and criticism, as of the essential qualities of his own mind. He recoiled from Auber as spontaneously as he worshipped Sebastian Bach. It was not that Auber and the modern Italians did not write fugues; his aversion sprang from an utter want of sympathy with their tone of mind as men. The emotions they expressed were not his emotions, and he never lived to the age when we learn to be charitable even when we cannot be sympathetic. He held them all to be sensual, frivolous, and of the earth, earthy. Indeed, in these letters he expresses in no measured terms his repugnance to the whole modern theatrical school, though we do not find in his bitterest censures anything so epigrammatic as the criticism of a kindred composer on Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. "The Catholics and Protestants," wrote Schumann, describing this opera when it first came out, "cut each other's throats on the stage, and a Jew stands by and makes music to it."

Mendelssohn's own religious opinions appear frequently in his letters, and few writers have spoken with such unaffected simplicity on a subject so easily disfigured with cant or conventionalism. His theology was that which is characteristic of the Broad Church school of Christianity. As every one knows, he was the grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, the learned and acute Jewish philosopher; but he himself, and his brothers and sisters, were all brought up Christians, and the change in the family religion appears to have taken place in the previous generation. As a musician, he could not but entertain the strongest aversion for the Evangelical school, wherever he found it. Modern Germany, indeed, is not prolific in disciples of this most unmusical of religious sects; but the Elberfeld preachers—whose leader, Krummacher, was at one time all the fashion with the Low Church party in England—were sufficiently influential to cause him some annoyance. In a letter to Professor Schirmer of Düsseldorf, he refers to a report which misrepresented his opinions as leaning towards those of the Elberfeld school. It is too striking and characteristic of the man to be altogether omitted:—

So I am said to be a saint! If this is intended to convey what I conceive to be the meaning of the word, and what your expressions lead me to think you also understand by it, then I can only say that, alas! I am not so, though every day of my life I strive with greater earnestness, according to my ability, more and more to resemble this character. I know, indeed, that I can never hope to be altogether a saint, but if I ever approach to one it will be well. If people, however, understand by the word "saint" a Pietist, one of those who lay their hands on their laps and expect that Providence will do their work for them, and who, instead of striving in their vocation to press on towards perfection, talk of a heavenly calling being incompatible with an earthly one, and are incapable of loving with their whole hearts any human being, or anything on earth—then, God be praised! such a one I am not, and hope never to become, so long as I live; and though I am sincerely desirous to live piously, and really to be so, I hope this does not necessarily entail the other character.

This same conscientiousness and abhorrence of the artificial and the unreal was carried by Mendelssohn into every detail of his art. Being well provided for by his father, he could easily afford to keep what he calls an "artistic conscience" amidst all such temptations as the music-sellers had to offer; but he was equally proof against royal commands and blandishments. Not the least curious part of this volume are letters relating to the wishes of the King of Prussia that he should set certain choruses of *Æschylus* to music, as he had set certain choruses of *Sophocles*. Nothing would induce him to pledge himself to the undertaking, from his conviction that the choruses in question were utterly unsuitable to musical expression. To Englishmen it may seem strange to see a Prime Minister and an absolute Sovereign vainly entreating a musician to compose music for a few Greek verses. We can only extract some of the more remarkable sentences, but the whole correspondence is well worth reading, as a rare example of that realizing of an artistic ideal which is so much talked about and so seldom witnessed. In justice to the King it should be added that, though the composer's persistence in his refusal caused him much vexation, it produced no diminution in his respect and esteem:—

Because I owe so much gratitude to the King, because I honour him in the depths of my soul as an admirable noble prince and man—on this very account I think that all I do by his command should be done with a good conscience, and in a cheerful spirit. . . . I will always obey the commands of a Sovereign so beloved by me, even at the sacrifice of my personal wishes and advantage. If I find I cannot do so with a good artistic conscience, I must endeavour candidly to state my scruples or my incapacity, and if that does not suffice, then I must go. This may sound absurd in the mouth of a musician, but shall I not feel duty as much in my position as others do in theirs? In an occurrence as



personally important to me, shall I not follow the dictates of integrity and truth, as I have striven to do all my life.

We must add a word for the especial benefit of Birmingham and its musical amateurs. If they are disposed to plume themselves—not being generally too much given to modesty—on their admiration for Mendelssohn, let them lay to heart the opinion as to their discrimination and the real value of their praises which he expressed in a letter to Hiller in the year 1837.

#### PREHISTORIC ANNALS OF SCOTLAND.\*

THE industry of Professor Wilson has expanded and remodelled the earlier edition of this work into these two volumes, which deserve high praise if only as a *catalogue raisonné* of Scottish antiquities. It is something to have accomplished this, but the author has attempted a good deal more. Starting from the debatable ground which lies midway between geology and antiquity, he has grouped its scattered relics around their central periods, and articulated its dry bones into a skeleton of primeval history. His task has been that of a Cuvier rather than of a Niebuhr, concerned as it is with epochs far removed alike from tradition and literature. Before plunging into the abyss of prehistoric millenniums, we are, however, reminded that Scottish historians have not always been content to set out from a period as early as that presented by archæology. Wyntoun begins with a history of the Angels before proceeding to "Manny's creatoun," and only settles down to "the oryginale cronykill of Scotland" after reaching the "spate of Noe" in his sixth chapter. Professor Wilson is loud in his condemnation of "the perverse modesty of Scottish antiquaries, who, rather than believe in the possibility of the existence of native art, ascribe to Northern freebooters all which is not attributed to Roman origin." If he is a trifle overzealous in extending the frontier line of Scottish art at the expense of alien races who have contributed to it, such an application of the Monroe doctrine to a Cisatlantic nationality may be the more easily pardoned since, on the other hand, he wisely abstains from making capital out of the often alleged rape of national documents by Edward and Cromwell. His countrymen have seldom been slow to appreciate the truth of Caleb Balderstone's remark that "a gude excuse is in some sort better than the thing itself," and we shrewdly suspect that this particular grievance has ere now played the part of the fire at Wolf's Crag in accounting for the nonproduction of historic treasures whose existence and value are both in the highest degree apocryphal.

The classification of the author's subject is confessedly borrowed from the distinguished Swedish antiquarian M. Thomsen, and ranges under four divisions—the primeval or stone, the archaic or bronze, the iron, and the Christian periods. It need scarcely be observed that these several eras are by no means necessarily contemporaneous in the history of different countries. The writer elsewhere remarks that the Stone Age of Denmark and of our own island bears the closest resemblance to that still extant among the Polynesians of the Southern Ocean; that the Iron Age of the Peruvians dates only from the invasion of the Spaniard; and that the transition of Greece from bronze to iron lies within the records of her literary history. The first thing which impresses us with the remoteness of the period with which we have to deal is the fact that even the geographical outline of Scotland has suffered a sea change during the lapse of subsequent ages. This is proved by the discovery of the stranded whale and the harpoon of the primitive whaler in a place now seven miles inland. The aboriginal canoe, with the stone axe which probably fashioned it, has been found twenty-five feet below the bed of the Clyde—a circumstance which perhaps relieves us from the inference that Scotland was colonized prior to her separation from the Continent by the German Ocean. The grand fact, however, with which Professor Wilson deals is the existence of an aboriginal race distinct from the earliest of that great Aryan family of which the Celts were an off-shoot. To this race he applies the term Allophylian, which serves the purpose of *x* and *y* in designating what is archæologically an unknown quantity. The skulls found in the long gigantic mound (which, by the way, we are warned against confounding with the more recent boat-shaped tumulus of Scandinavia) form the record of this primeval people. Measured from the forehead to the occiput, which is flattened as if by artificial compression, these skulls are distinguished by an elongation amounting well nigh to deformity. A table of accurate measurements enables us to contrast them with the crania of the Brachycephalic or shortheaded type of a later Allophylian period—a race on which the Celts appear to have intruded in a remotely prehistoric era. In the barrows associated with the earlier remains neither metallic weapons nor cinerary urns are traceable. Their construction belongs to a period antecedent to the practice of burning the dead. But they are rich in examples of flint manufacture—the stone axe which tradition explains as the purgatory hammer with which the warrior's soul importuned its release by thundering at the gate of doom, the flint spear and arrow popularly known as the elf bolt, with flint flakes probably used as a rude coinage. The primitive dwelling called the Picts house is commonest in Orkney, Caithness, and Sutherland, and is scarcely distinguishable from the tumulus but by its provisions for light and air. The weem (wahma, a cave)—a subterranean vault of Cyclopean structure—is, on the testimony of the implements found in it, referred to a metallurgic era. Stonehenge, it will be remarked,

with the exception of its inner circle of unhewn monoliths, is assigned by the Professor to a date as recent as that of the Iron Age. The Hare and Catt Stones are fully discussed in a very interesting chapter. The former is explained by Mr. Kemble as the Hara or hoary stone of the Codex Diplomaticus; the latter forms the record of the primeval battle-field. The origin of the Cromlech, long reputed as the Druids' altar, is unquestionably sepulchral, and the Professor has a good deal to say on the subject of the Rocking-stones, for whose balance he seems disposed to account on the score of artificial causes, in opposition to the theory which ascribes it to a glacial origin. He prudently abstains from committing himself to any definite theory as to the chronology of this epoch; but since he allows little less than 3000 years to Celtic occupation, we may fairly infer that he would also measure that of their Allophylian predecessors by millenniums rather than by centuries.

The introduction of metallurgy is attributed to the Brachycephalic or later Allophylian race. Little skill would be needed to beat the native gold nugget into a rudely ornamental form, and the process of fusing a simple metal naturally precedes the manufacture of an alloy. Hence, as with the Peruvian prior to his conquest by the Spaniard, it would seem that the earliest essays of the Scottish metallurgist were limited to gold and copper. An axe of the latter metal found at Ratho under four feet of blue clay, seven of sand, and nine of moss, is regarded by Sir David Brewster as older than the diluvial strata in which it was imbedded. Silver ornaments are of great rarity in the Archaic, though comparatively abundant in the Iron Age, when the increase of foreign traffic brought them into general use. We have numerous examples of primitive moulds for bronze, with the corresponding implements fashioned in them. The type of the bronze sword is leaf-shaped, and closely resembles that of the modern paper-knife. The hilt has no guard, the brittle nature of bronze limiting the use of the weapon to the point, and rendering any protection against the edge superfluous. The grip is as small as that of the Asiatic sword, and suggests a corresponding peculiarity in the race who used it. Lead is always traceable in Scottish bronze, and the alloy seems to have been compounded by local and isolated manufacturers, as the proportions of its ingredients are too variable to be referred to a common source or standard. The author remarks that the broken sword, which is of such frequent occurrence in the tombs of this period, may, as the emblem of a warfare accomplished, symbolize a faith widely different from that earlier one which placed the warrior's armour ready for his use in the spirit land. It is at least certain that, with the invention of metallurgy, a vast change took place in the physical features of the country in which it was practised. The primeval forest gradually disappeared, and the implements which felled it are now reclaimed from the peat moss which took its place. The terraced slopes of the Tweed abound in such relics, and associate them with a system of cultivation as elaborate as that which now prevails on the banks of the Rhine. The Dædalus of the age seems to be no other than the hero of the ancient Berkshire legend, Wayland Smith. The name, however, is but one *alias* out of many belonging to the Hyperborean Vulcan, who figures as the Vælund and Vælund of the North, the old German Wielant and Wielant, the Anglo-Saxon Weland, the Galans and Galant of France. It is remarkable that German tradition places his forge in the Caucasus. An ancient manuscript of Edward I. attributes the sword of Sir Gauvain to his workmanship, and quotes the following inscription from the weapon itself in support of the fact:—

Jeo su forth trechant e dure  
Galaan me fyth par mult gran care—  
Catorse anz out Jhesu Cristh  
Quant Galaan me trempa e fyth.

The commencement of the iron epoch is traced with greater difficulty than that of its predecessors, from the imperfect preservation of the relics on which we depend for its illustration. Time is far less destructive than rust, and the latest metal of the prehistoric age is also the most perishable. But the direct and indirect testimony of Latin historians alike prove that this branch of metallurgy existed in our island before the Roman invasion. Cæsar notices the iron-ring currency of Britain, and the description which Tacitus gives of the swords of the Caledonians as being long and pointless suggests their employment as edged weapons—a purpose for which bronze was, as we have seen, unsuitable. But far earlier records of iron manufacture are, in fact, traceable among the Crannoges, or ancient lake dwellings of Scotland. In one of these, on draining Carlingwark Loch in 1765, a primitive iron forge was discovered, and a horse-shoe weighing no less than six pounds, dredged from the same spot, is perhaps one of the oldest specimens of the craft now extant. Its size and weight present a striking contrast to the diminutive proportions of the horse-shoes taken from the field of Bannockburn. Iron forge tongs and masses of charcoal have also been disinterred from a depth of thirty feet near the banks of a river of Glenorchy, and the traditions of Blair Athol still testify to the excellence of the Celtic smith. The occupation of Scotland by the Romans, short as it was, presents an episode on which the author pardonably dwells at some length. The reader will follow him along the wall of Antonine and its stations, which furnish abundant traces of the introduction of exotic arts. One of the most interesting relics of the period is a medicine stamp found near Tranent Church, East Lothian. It is a small cube of pale green stone, engraved on one side with the name of the apothecary, and of a specific apparently the prototype of the modern

\* *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland.* By Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Professor of History, Toronto. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

ointment of Holloway—on the other with that of a preparation of saffron for the eyes, the prescription for which is still extant in Galen. The vitrified forts which belong to the native architecture of the iron epoch have proved the subject of an unceasing faction fight among archaeologists. By one party it is contended that the vitrified enamel was the result of design, and that the materials for its production were evidently selected for the especial purpose; by the other it is asserted to be the accidental effect of intense heat on buildings originally constructed for the preservation of the bale fires or beacons.

We pass from the blue distance of antiquity into the Christian era, which forms, comparatively speaking, its foreground. Here the term Prehistoric begins rapidly to lose its significance, as may be inferred from Professor Wilson's elaborate historical preface to this division of his subject. The consecration of St. Ninian, better known as St. Ringan, is attributed by Bede to Pope Sirlenus in the year 384, and tradition affirms that he built a church at Withern in Wigtonshire. Scotland and Ireland appear to have interchanged mutual good offices in the production of their respective Saints, the former country having given birth to St. Patrick, and the latter to the Scottish apostle St. Columba, the founder of the religious establishment of Iona in the sixth century. The Scots, we collect, were a tribe of Irish Dalriads from Antrim, who settled in Argyleshire about the same period, and maintained a war of succession with the Picts, which only ended about the middle of the ninth century, when the entire country was united under Kenneth McAlpin. To that century belongs the first trace of the Scandinavian Viking on Scottish shores, and the history of the Scoto-Norwegian kingdom carries us on to the reign of Duncan, and the restoration of the Scottish Crown to a Norwegian prince by aid of the Saxons under Siward, Earl of Northumberland. To the ethnological connexion of Scotland and Ireland Professor Wilson has devoted much attention, but the subject is one on which we cannot here enlarge. The sculptured stones of the north-eastern districts of the Moray Firth and Tay, with their strange intermixture of Pagan and Christian symbolism, speak of a transition from the earlier to the later faith. The practice of rededicating Pagan monuments to the service of the new religion may possibly account for the presence of Christian emblems on heathen memorial stones, but fails to explain the hybrid symbolism which is of so frequent occurrence. The design of the artist often seems to have been inspired by a compromise between his old and his new form of creed. On the stone of Meikle a centaur bears the cross in one hand and the mistletoe in the other. At Kirriemuir the cherubim have the head of birds, and at Glamis the human figure is surmounted by the snout of a crocodile. The real difficulty is to distinguish between pure symbolism and the mere eccentricities of grotesque sculpture to which many of these anomalies are doubtless referable. The reader's faith in the art of interpreting the inscriptions which accompany them will be rudely shaken on finding that, in the instance of the Newton monolith, Dr. Mill pronounces the inscription to be Phœnician, Dr. Whewell Greek, Mr. Wright Latin, while Colonel Sykes traces it to a Buddhist origin. Some have professed to discover in the symbols of these sculptured standing stones a mysterious resemblance to the characters of ancient Gnostic gems; and others to those of the silver armour of Norries Law, found at Largo in Fifeshire. The tumulus containing the latter relics was plundered by a pedlar in 1817, and of 400 ounces of silver abstracted, only 25 were rescued from the melting-pot. Among the examples of mediæval Scottish art, the national brooch, as is fitting, occupies a prominent place. The reader must decide for himself between the relative merits of Celtic and Scandinavian workmanship. Both are admirably illustrated in these pages, from the shell-shaped brooch of Caithness to its Celtic rival, the brooch of Lorn said to have been dropped by the Bruce, together with the mantle which it clasped, in struggling to rid himself of the death-grip of a foe.

The most important Runic monument of our island, the Ruthwell cross, belongs to the Anglo-Saxon period. Mr. Kemble's translation of the legend which it bears was singularly authenticated by the after discovery of an Anglo-Saxon manuscript—the "Dream of the Holy Rood"—of which the inscription itself forms a portion. The primitive structure of the Scottish Church is very literally symbolized by the sheepfold, as wattles seem to have formed its earliest materials. Timber was, as Bede states, subsequently employed, and his assertion is corroborated by an ancient seal of the Holyrood Charters. The table furnished by the author is a valuable summary of Scottish ecclesiology, and a chapter on ecclesiastical antiquities forms an interesting supplement to it. The oratory of Inchcolm and the Girth-house of Orphir stand first on the list. These belong to the Dalriadic period, coeval with the Heptarchy, and next in order come the round towers of Abernethy and Brechin. The instruments of torture which close the list of miscellaneous antiquities contained in the concluding chapters illustrate the darker side of Scottish ingenuity. Among them we have a description of a singular badge of slavery dredged from the Firth of Forth. On it is recorded that "Alexander Steuart, found guilty of death for theft at Perth the 5th of December, 1701, was gifted by the justices as a perpetual servant to Sir John Areskin of Alva." The author might have gathered still later traces of slavery in Scotland from the statute-book. The institution, in fact, only received its *coup de grace* in the closing year of the last century, under the provisions of the 39th Geo. III. c. 56, the preamble of which shows that even at that date colliers

and salt miners were, in certain instances, life-bondsmen, and transferable with the mines in which they worked.

We have only to add that the highest praise is due to all parties concerned for the care which has been bestowed on this publication. Its type, paper, and illustrations are excellent in all respects. The absence of a glossary is a serious defect which we are bound to notice, and for which we must hold the author himself responsible. Such words as "funicular," "caliginated," "penannular," "maormor," &c. occur in almost every page, and prove sad stumbling-blocks to the uninitiated reader, however valuable as formulae to the archaeologist. A couple of pages supplementary to the index already furnished would be all that is necessary as a key to these perplexities, and a future edition will, we trust, supply a deficiency which might perhaps have passed unchallenged in a work less deserving of general popularity.

#### MEMORABLE EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN.\*

DR. DICKSON has not been poaching—as the title of his recent volume might induce a reader unacquainted with his antecedents to surmise—upon the preserves of Mr. Samuel Warren. Perhaps no man living would be less disposed by temperament or qualifications to enter into competition upon his own peculiar ground with such a master of the sources of sensation, as well as of the dithyrambic style of romance-writing, as the author of the famous *Diary*. In the first place, Dr. Dickson has apparently had enough upon his hands in merely denouncing the supposed attempts of his medical brethren to carry off the game from his own professional manor. And in the next, he is obviously not the man to believe that anything in the entire domain of fiction can by possibility be half so "memorable," or of half so much interest to the human race, as the "events" of his own personal career, his discoveries, or his wrongs. There is more than one shape in which innate and ineradicable egotism may show itself as regards even the department of literature. It is difficult to say whether the province of fiction is more favourable to it than that of fact. An idiosyncrasy of this kind may betray itself beyond mistake behind the impersonal mask of the novelist. Through every line of the thrilling or the horrible in romance there may run that morbid vein of self-display which was never more intensely active than in the "Diary" of the supposed "Late Physician," unless it were in the outrageous bombast of the *Lily and the Bee*. In another case, the same egotistic temperament may exist in the more direct and bolder form which spurs the subtle restraints of self-consciousness, and breaks through the affectation of disguise. In the first of these cases, the one idol, self, is the object of secret incense offered up in the lurking places of the heart. In the other, it is as the golden image set up in the plain of Dura, that all people, nations, and languages may fall down and worship it. Every page of Dr. Dickson's volume, every instrument in his orchestra of laudation—cornet, harp, flute, psaltery, and dulcimer—is made to resound to the honour and glory of the one central figure of his idolatry. At once the hero and the trumpeter of an *Æneid* of his own, he is faithful from beginning to end to the one original key-note—the *arma virumque* of his laudatory *epos*. The "man" is Dr. Samuel Dickson, and the "arms" are the wordy weapons which he wields in single combat with the combined hosts of his professional rivals. Since the time when Athanasius stood alone against the whole Christian universe, never would there appear to have been so extreme a case of isolated championship; and never, he would have us believe, has the truth been so absolutely and exclusively upon the side of the single-handed hero.

To those who do not feel themselves called upon to arbitrate upon the specific points of technical orthodoxy at issue between Dr. Dickson and the "faculty" at large, there may be no little amusement in the spectacle of so much genuine self-reliance, such fearless contempt for odds, and so much downright hard hitting. In the roughness of his style of attack, his contempt for the niceties of fence, and his forgetfulness of those amenities which soften the ferocity of civilized warfare, we are reminded of the ruder spirit of that olden time when the chance-medley of battle brought the uncouth weapons of the churl to cross, not without sturdy effect, with the keener and more polished arms of the knight—when

Stout crab-tree on hard iron rung.

That delight on which the late Sir Charles Napier could only dwell in imagination as the crowning felicity of his life—the delight of finding himself for five minutes among his official enemies "with a good thick stick"—has, to the full extent allowed by the medium of the press, been enjoyed by Dr. Dickson ever since he first declared war against the authorities of his profession in the *Fallacies of the Faculty*, in the year 1836. From that time his entire career has professedly been one of vengeance upon the "whole race of Humdrums and Humbugs"—worrying them with his claims to almost every point of novelty or improvement in the practice of the medical art. With infinite pride he contemplates in himself "the heretic who stormed their camp, and, to the detriment of his worldly prospects, forced reform upon them at the point of a pretty sharp pen." If any theory were required to explain why, with all his good qualities and indisputable services, the hot-headed old sailor could never keep himself out of the

\* *Memorable Events in the Life of a London Physician*. London: Virtue. 1863.



black books of the Admiralty, we have only to note the workings of the same temperament—the *perfidium ingenium Scotorum*—in keeping up a permanent breach of the peace between his medical countryman and the heads of the profession of physic. The same overweening estimate of himself and his services, the same inordinate desire to stand first on the public stage, and the same utter disregard for the forms of etiquette and inability to keep a civil tongue in his head, have been the means of keeping out of sight much of the genuine merits and solid usefulness which might otherwise have fairly stood against the doctor's name in the records of recent medical progress. "Any idiot the London doctors choose to palm off on the public as their 'great man' is the mildest synonyme he can find in his vocabulary for the President of the College of Physicians. In the 'great practical changes which have for some years back been silently taking place in medicine'—and which have been pretty generally associated with the name of an eminent professor not long deceased—"Dr. Todd," we are to believe, "and the friends of Dr. Todd, only followed in the wake of another man." "He was a plagiarist simply—a plagiarist with a mark so transparent, and an adulteration so coarse, the merest tyro in the profession could scarcely fail to see through the one and detect the other." And then comes another question, "Who assisted the Professor of King's College in his progress of adulteration? Who took the other leading part in this juggle?" Names even more eminent, it might be thought, meet with no more civil treatment at the hands of this Ishmael of medicine, whose hand is so pertinaciously against every man as to leave no cause for wonder that every man's hand should be against him. Sir Benjamin Brodie and Sir Henry Holland seem to have had, in his eyes, no higher motive or guiding principle in the progressive changes which marked their career than, "even when plagiarising his system, to ignore or lie down the man who, in spite of every obstacle on their part, had notoriously forced this change of practice upon them." Who, he asks, was the cause of the revolution which made the "great top-sawyer of English surgery," after four editions of his treatise on the *Diseases of the Joints and Spine*, in which he urged the old treatment of "blisters, setons, and caustic issues," absolutely repudiate in a fifth edition "every one of the more prominent measures and opinions on which he had, for upwards of thirty years, very particularly plumed himself?" "It is a curious fact," we are assured, "that so long ago as the year 1839—five years, be it observed, after the date of Sir B. Brodie's edition of 1834—the author of the *Chronothermal system* sent him a copy of the *Unity of Diseases*, a work in which Sir B. Brodie's system of practice is denounced as a barbarism throughout." Dr. Dickson can see nothing in the "additions" with which in his latest title-page, eleven years after, Sir Benjamin couples his "alterations," than "so many 'subtractions' from the writer he and his friends had for years affected to despise as 'the madman who wrote the *Fallacies of the Faculty*.'" "Scientific larceny"—"the meanest thing of which a man can be guilty"—is the charge brought against the "Court Physician" who, in his observations *On Morbid Actions of an Intermittent Kind*, seemed to him to have trenchanted upon his own pet discovery of the "Periodicity and Intermittency of all Disease." "That's my thunder" was never cried out with half the loudness and pertinacity with which the "London Physician" reiterates his claim to be considered the great enlightener of ignorance and supreme benefactor of mankind? Who, he asks, has stayed the effusion of blood, the blistering, cupping, salivating of mankind? Who has opened the eyes of the profession, who, while they steal his discovery, ignore or revile their benefactor? "From the universal darkness," he replies, "which formerly prevailed throughout the medical world, the announcement of my discovery fell upon the doctors like a thunderbolt."

Gentlemen, to say blood-letting is a bad remedy is one thing; to prove it to be bad is another; to force the world to believe and act upon your arguments against it, in the teeth of the opinion of the world, is a still greater achievement. That merit I distinctly claim. With Coriolanus I can say, "ALONE I DID IT."

However it may have been cried down by those whose interests it affects, or by the multitude at large, who have ever joined in the cry against their common benefactor, that discovery hereafter, if not now, will be acknowledged to be one that, for grandeur of conception and magnitude of useful result to man, is excelled by none in the history of the whole Healing Art. The reader of Humboldt's *Kosmos* will there find the recognition of a principle which, however much the author of *Unity of Disease* may have been reviled for its prior enunciation, posterity will one day declare to be universal—The *UNITY* amid *DIVERSITY* that pervades *ALL NATURE*.

Readers of *Hard Cash* will have no difficulty in recognising in the "London Physician" the Dr. Sampson of Mr. Reade's stirring fiction—"th' Author an' Invintor of th' great Chronothermal Therey o' th' Unity, Periodicity, an' Intermittency of all Disease." And they may be glad to see what can be made out on his own behalf, in less mysterious jargon, by that inveterate denunciator of the "jijcy" and "humbug" of the "dockers." If in some respects the brogue of the novelist is more racy of its original soil, there is all the gain of reality in the figure the doctor here cuts in his own portrait of himself, and in the wild glee with which he draws upon himself the wrath of any number of professional antagonists. The question bluntly put by Broussais, in his *Examen des Doctrines Médicales*, "Has physic done more ill or good to mankind?" is answered in still blunter manner by the "great apostle of Chronothermalism." According to him, the whole practice of medicine, saving so far as its practitioners have plagiarised from his own individual discoveries, has been misdirected, fallacious, and destructive. And not only is it in the province of therapeutics,

properly so called, that the teaching of the schools and the traditions of centuries have been deleterious and deceptive, but the cognate branches of science on which the culture of the medical tyro has been made to rest, and which have been regarded as the peculiar glory of modern days, are scouted as wholly superfluous to the successful practice of the healing art, if not an impediment in the way of the true knowledge and cure of our maladies. Anatomy, for instance, or a knowledge of the several parts, organs, and functions of the frame—which it has been generally thought not less desirable for the physician to understand than for the watchmaker to know the inside of the timepiece he has to set to rights—may be henceforth dismissed with contempt. Dissection—"the filth, and stench, and corruption of the dead-house"—need be regarded no more. Good news this for the student of the future, if the throne of medical dictator falls, as he evidently thinks it due, to Dr. Dickson! "It is a great mistake to suppose that disease cannot be cured without a knowledge of anatomy." And even were it otherwise, "there can be no greater mistake than to suppose that this knowledge can only be obtained by dissection." "Anatomy, like geography, may be taught by drawings and models." We have plenty of illustrated "guides to cookery" which undertake to make us perfect, for the moderate investment of a shilling, in the art of dismembering our troublesome forequarters, chickens, or hares. It would seem that an easier road to the disintegration of the human subject lies through the simple adoption of the abstract principle of our "London Physician." Not even diagrams or figures seem now to be needed for the diagnosis of man. "With the principle of Intermittency for our guidance, a knowledge of anatomy is not in the least necessary for the cure of the great majority of human diseases." Not less superfluous, not to say mischievous, we are further told, is the aid of the chemist. "In vain has the chemical imposture"—the pretence of furthering the "art, science, and mystery of physic" by analysing the various solids and fluids pertaining to the organism of the human body—"been kept in motion by the conductors of the medical periodicals, glad to blow any medical bubble." The late Dr. Prout is to a great extent chargeable amongst ourselves with the spread of this "great medical delusion." But far more have the "utterly delusive" writings of Liebig upon this subject "done physiology an immeasurable amount of mischief." The "man of acids, alkalis, test tubes, and crucibles" may indeed be very advantageously employed in "medical jurisprudence," i.e. in the "detection of poisoners"; but he must keep to his own domain. "So far as regards cure, chemistry cannot afford the slightest indication." Nor has Dr. Dickson less supreme disdain for the instruments which mechanical skill has supplied of late years for the use of the physician. "The stethoscope, that bauble of Laennec, the reader must pardon his holding in heterodox contempt." With the cupping-glass, stethoscope, and test-tube, as "instruments of quackery," is classed, above all, the *speculum*. The "mere anatomical tinker, with his list of every conceivable lesion of the heart and lungs," is doomed to the same limbo as the "specialty doctor" who "prates pseudo-science about the chemistry of secretions."

There is, at all events, a simplicity and straightforwardness about this "new system" which ought to commend it to the student as much as to the patient, if it does not rather take away the whole need of toilsome and systematic study altogether. In the Chronothermal theory, as interpreted by its inventor, there is opened a royal road so direct and smooth that the patient may bowl along with scarcely any need of the help of the doctor's chariot. Already we have homoeopathic manuals which reduce the whole curative process to a tolerably simple issue. We have but to look through the index at the end of the volume in order to find there our particular symptom, alphabetically tabulated, with its appropriate decillionth or quintillionth of a grain of arsenic, bella-donna, aconite, or what not. Even the passions and disordered affections are not forgotten. Anger, jealousy, love itself, have their atomic specifics. With so complete a *vade mecum* in hand, the unskilled tyro is put at once on a par with the loftiest oracle of the theatre or the schools. Still more simple as a nostrum, while equally inexpensive as an investment, a "Chronothermal" treatise would seem even to outbid the globular system. All diseases being reduced to one, all medicines restricted to two or three, anatomical and chemical knowledge pooh-poohed as good for nothing, the sick man's millennium cannot be far off when Esculapius, infallible and without fee, will be in every household. A ruinous change this, it might be feared, to an important class of the community. But the compensatory remedy is at hand in another original suggestion of the author, that "the public should pay their ordinary attendant so much for yearly attendance, whether sick or well." It would be too bad of the public to go on to steal a still sharper bit of enlightenment from the example of the King of Bangkok, who only keeps his physician in pay so long as his majesty is in perfect health. And we suppose not Dr. Dickson himself, with all his confidence in his own system and detestation of the rival faculty, would be cheerful under the more summary régime where an unsuccessful practitioner is simply hung or loses his head, *pour encourager les autres*.

Not content with the weapons of prose invective, Dr. Dickson has recourse to pumping upon the enemy at intervals with floods of foaming rhyme. These metrical extracts seem to form part of a long composition of his own, in which the praises of the Chronothermal theory are sung in a style which the sagacity of advertisers in general has long taught them to value. By somewhat of the same natural law it may be that the "periodicity" which he

loves to trace in all morbid action manifests itself in the secretion of poetry of this kind :—

Cramps, spasms, and palsies more or less intense;  
Bleedings from lung or windpipe, stomach, gum,  
Or other parts whence hæmorrhage may come;  
Eruptions, ulcers, so called inflammations,  
Decompositions, disorganizations :—  
No matter what men style the morbid thing.

The entire poem would probably supply us, something in the style of Tusser, with "Five Hundred Points" of Good Medicine, and convey no small amount of sound advice, were the writer only capable of estimating himself and the world in a more just and impartial point of view, and putting what he has to say into a quiet and rational form. Whatever of practical value may prove ultimately to attach to a theory which seems to him so novel and so grand, there would assuredly be all the more chance of its being recognised were it not for the egotism which can see nothing but his own merits, and the violence which makes all sympathy with such a writer impossible. Instead of the place which he has clearly marked out for himself—that of Luther to a new medical Reformation, or of Newton to a new universality of science—he must be content to sink into that of a noisy sort of *flagellum medicorum*, a mere retailer of pleasantries and invectives at the expense of his profession, in which he can but be distanced by the older witticisms of Molière or Montaigne.

#### HORÆ FERALES.\*

THE subscribers to this handsome quarto will open it with some degree of disappointment. It was well known that the work on Northern Archaeology on which Mr. Kemble was engaged at the time of his almost sudden death in 1857 was left in an unfinished state. But it was certainly not known that there was no work of Mr. Kemble's on the subject really forthcoming. Unfinished works have often been very valuable works. We should be sorry to be without Lord Macaulay's fifth volume; we should be still more sorry to be without the third volume of Niebuhr and the third volume of Arnold. The history of the Hannibalian War was never revised by its author; but there it stands, a narrative unsurpassed as a narrative by any history in our language, and, unfinished as it is, surprisingly free from slips in detail. So, when we heard that Mr. Kemble's unexpected death had cut short his task, we still hoped that something of Mr. Kemble's—some original work, unfinished in form, but still of sterling value—might be forthcoming. Years rolled on till probably many of the subscribers forgot that they had subscribed at all, or that any *Horæ Ferales* had ever been promised them. At last the book appears; but it contains, as far as we can see, absolutely no new matter of Mr. Kemble's. It contains several lectures and papers by Mr. Kemble—papers reprinted from English antiquarian periodicals, lectures delivered by Mr. Kemble to German and Irish audiences. But it does not appear to contain anything whatever written directly for the present volume. We have, indeed, a good deal of matter of much value from the pen of Mr. Franks, and a good deal of matter of very little value from the pen of Dr. Latham. Mr. Franks appears, in the illustrations and their descriptions, to have carried out a general plan left behind him by Mr. Kemble and, to some extent, to have used Mr. Kemble's own drawings. We have nothing to say against this part of the book except that it does not realize the idea suggested by the title-page, that it goes beyond the widest construction that we can anyhow bring ourselves to put upon the word "edited." It is not a work of Mr. Kemble edited by Mr. Franks, but a work of Mr. Franks founded on hints of Mr. Kemble's. Every one who knows Mr. Franks, that is, every one who knows either the British Museum or the Archaeological Institute, knows how thoroughly competent he is to illustrate such a subject. We accept his portion of the book with thankfulness; he has probably done it as well as, or better than, Mr. Kemble could have done it. Still it is Franks and not Kemble, and it was Kemble that we bargained for. Our feelings are somewhat different when we turn to Dr. Latham's portion of the book. We feel like the son of that harsh father who, when asked for a fish, gave his child a serpent. We open the book hoping to light on something of the genuine Kemble, and we light instead on the old stories about Slave areas and Yatahvings and Fin hypotheses, and all the A's and B's and asterisks, which we have already seen in half-a-dozen different works of Dr. Latham's. Now this was certainly not what people subscribed for nine or ten years ago. Those who think Dr. Latham's theories worth paying their money for have had plenty of opportunities of so doing by buying all the many volumes which he has meanwhile given to the world. But it is too bad, when we have subscribed for a certain quantity of Kemble, to give us so much Latham instead.

In short, when Mr. Kemble's literary executors found that there were really no materials for the publication of Mr. Kemble's intended *Horæ Ferales*, they should have fairly announced the fact to the world. Mr. Kemble's detached papers and lectures are, as everything of his must be, of high value. It would have been perfectly right to publish them as a volume of Mr. Kemble's *Essays*; but it is hardly fair, when the text of the *Horæ Ferales*

is not forthcoming, to give us these detached essays under that name. As for a "General Preface" by Dr. Latham, containing theories which we have already seen over and over again, and with which it is perfectly well known that Mr. Kemble did not agree, it is an impertinence only to be surpassed by Dr. Latham's further impertinence of sticking notes to Mr. Kemble's lectures, reminding the writer that, "in the opinion of the Editor," some things were very different from what they were in the opinion of Mr. Kemble. In short, Mr. Kemble was a great scholar and antiquary; Dr. Latham is a clever man, but he is a mere bookmaker; that is the difference.

Let us however, for fairness' sake, state Dr. Latham's case in his own words. We think that his own showing, expressed in his own characteristic language, is enough to justify us in saying that there is really no *Horæ Ferales* of Mr. Kemble's in existence, and that it was not fair to the subscribers to publish the present volume under that title :—

That the present Work, along with others upon which his active mind was engaged, was then in hand, is well known. Not so, however, the condition in which it was left. Nor is it at the present moment. That some papers, in a far more advanced condition than that of rough notes, were forthcoming, was for some time the sanguine hope of the editors. The most careful inquiries, however, have failed to find them; so much so, that a longer delay in the hope of recovering them would hardly have been justifiable.

Dr. Latham then enlarges on the necessity for his General Preface, the utmost of which amounts to this, that some part of his theory "was, even with Mr. Kemble, very nearly an open question." He then winds up :—

Here ends the matter for which I am, individually and as the writer, responsible.

The remainder falls into two parts :—

1. The illustration of the Plates. The arrangement and the explanation of these, along with any opinions upon either the terminology or the details, are exclusively Mr. Franks's.

2. The republished papers. These are Mr. Kemble's own, and they have been given *verbatim et literatim*, as they stand in the publications in which they have appeared, with few notes or comments, and where any additions are made they are carefully distinguished in the text. Those upon "Cremation" and "Heathen Burial" are taken from the "Archæological Journal." The Irish Address is from a scarce pamphlet. Those on the Mecklenburgh and Etruscan remains are from the "Archæologia," the illustrations of which have been courteously contributed by the Society of Antiquaries.

In speaking of Dr. Latham's share in the work as we have done, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not mean to cast away his theory with utter contempt. We are tired of it, both from seeing it so often and from the peculiarly tiresome way in which Dr. Latham puts everything. We are indignant at it in the present case, because, right or wrong, it is a presumption and an impertinence to thrust it into what professes to be a book of Mr. Kemble's. But much that Dr. Latham says quite deserves a hearing if he could get some one to say it for him in such a manner as to obtain a hearing. Setting aside some of his grander and wilder theories, setting aside his constant crotchets and occasional blunders in detail, there is something both ingenious and plausible in his notion that, in the time of Tacitus and at the time of the great *Völkerwanderung*—we wish we could say *Folkwanderung* in English, but we shrink from the attempt—the Germans did not reach eastwards beyond the Elbe, and that the conquest of the Slaves by Charles the Great and his successors was an original conquest, and not, as generally thought, a re-conquest. We are far from committing ourselves to any such view. We only say that, if it were well stated, it would deserve to be weighed and not to be pooh-poohed. But, when put forth as it is by Dr. Latham, human weakness drives us to pooh-pooh it in spite of ourselves.

That the detached papers of Mr. Kemble's which appear in this odd companionship are in themselves of the highest value no antiquary needs to be told. What Mr. Kemble was is known to every student either of Teutonic antiquities or of Teutonic languages. It is enough to say that he and Dr. Guest often differed widely in opinion, and that the two were fairly matched with one another. Some of Mr. Kemble's conclusions are open to grave doubt; we are not sure that he was not sometimes carried away by a slight love of paradox; his way of putting things is, not uncommonly, harsh and obscure; but he was a scholar of the first order, one of the few men whom, whether we always make the same inferences as he does or not, we can implicitly trust for facts diligently examined and fairly arranged. Mr. Kemble was anything but a plodding antiquary; he was a man of real genius who had made the early remains of Northern Europe his main pursuit. Our regret in his case, as in that of Dr. Guest, is that he never threw his researches into the form of a connected history. Perhaps he lacked the power. His greatest work, *The Saxons in England*, full as it is of the deepest and most suggestive learning, is eminently unsatisfactory in point of form, and is far indeed from realizing its second title, *A History of the English Commonwealth till the Period of the Norman Conquest*.

The most important, though not the longest, of the detached papers here collected, is the Address to the President and Members of the Royal Academy, delivered by Mr. Kemble in February 1857, little more than a month before his death. We call it the most important, though not in itself the most valuable, because it is practically new, and because it seems to point to a change in Mr. Kemble's views, as compared with the lecture delivered at Hanover. This was delivered in German, and Dr. Latham gives us more talk than enough about the conflicts in his own mind whether it should be printed in German or English or a little of

\* *Horæ Ferales*; or, *Studies in the Archaeology of the Northern Nations*. By the late John M. Kemble, M.A. Edited by R. G. Latham, M.D., F.R.S., and A. W. Franks, M.A. London: Lovell Reeve & Co. 1863.



both. However, we have it only in Dr. Latham's English translation, and we have only Dr. Latham's word for its being—what we have no doubt that it was—a remarkable instance of an Englishman's mastery of German composition. In this lecture Mr. Kemble does not seem to forsake, or to throw any doubt on, the system of the Scandinavian antiquaries, the now familiar succession of the Stone, Bronze, and Iron periods. Perhaps he brings forward a little more prominently than usual the fact, which the Danish antiquaries in no way deny, that there was in each case a period of transition, during which stone and bronze, bronze and iron, were used simultaneously, and also that the old stone tools and weapons might be incidentally used ages and ages after their own date. Of this he cites examples, both in war and in agriculture, reaching down to our own times. All this in no way affects the system of M. Worsaae and his brethren. It is just the same in these matters as it is in architecture. Gothic architecture is more recent than Romanesque, yet the latest Romanesque buildings are of later date than the earliest Gothic buildings. But in the Address to the Irish Academy, Mr. Kemble seems to go further; he professes to give up the Scandinavian system, and talks of "the so-called Stone Period." Yet his facts as regards the use of stone seem to be of the same class as those dealt with in the Hanoverian lecture. They are the same sort of cases of stone implements used long after the Stone Period, which do not in any way tell against the belief that stone once was used exclusively. But as regards bronze and iron, Mr. Kemble says distinctly, "There is, as far as I can tell, no evidence whatever of bronze having been used on account of the absence of iron, and not much reason to doubt that the two were used contemporaneously." Now of these two propositions, no one would be inclined to doubt the latter; it is simply another case of a transitional period; but, if we accept the former, we give up altogether the notion of any Bronze Period as defined by Mr. Kemble himself in his Hanoverian lecture:—

In like manner as the earliest known period of human development has derived its designation from stone, the second step in civilization has been designated from the metal which came first into use; hence it is styled the Bronze period. This term, however, does not preclude the finding other metals besides copper or an alloy of that metal, in the graves of that period. On the contrary, I have already pointed out the probability of stone implements being found in burial places of even later date; and it is well known that the skeletons of the Bronze period are often adorned with gold and beads of tolerable workmanship. The name only is intended to convey the idea that the principal warlike or household implements of that period were wrought in copper or bronze, and especially that no trace of iron or silver occurs in any instance.

Now we cannot suppose that Mr. Kemble would thus forsake the common belief of antiquaries, and his own former belief, without some plausible, if not convincing, reasons. Probably, had he lived to carry out his own scheme, we should be able to judge of their strength or weakness.

The most valuable papers in themselves are the two deeply interesting essays reprinted from the *Archæological Journal*—"Burial and Cremation," and "Notices of Heathen Interment in the Codex Diplomaticus." It seems clear that burning was the original mode of disposing of the dead universal among the heathen Teutons. The Scandinavian nations left off the practice while still heathen—the Danes first, the Swedes and Norwegians somewhat later. But the other Teutonic nations, both in Britain and on the Continent, retained the practice of burning till the introduction of Christianity. Burning then, like eating horseflesh, became a badge of heathenism, and was forbidden along with other heathen practices. Among the most remarkable cases are some which point to a time when men still halted between two opinions, as doubtless many in England did in the seventh century, and many in Germany in the eighth and ninth. Mr. Kemble thus describes them:—

A striking instance occurs to me of an interment in which fire seems to have been introduced almost by stealth, although the bodies had evidently not been exposed to the full power of a pile. Some years ago, at Elze, near Hildesheim, a barrow was removed. Upon its basis there were found six holes, or kists, as they are sometimes called. Five of these were nearly filled with ashes of wood, and over each a skeleton lay at full length upon its back. The sixth hole was not so occupied, but close by it stood a small urn and a spindle stone, the only implement of any kind discovered in the barrow. The base was enclosed with a circle of stones. It has been conjectured that this is an interment of a transition state—of Christians who had not yet entirely relinquished Paganism; or of Pagans who, though dread of the law prevented them from raising a pile to consume the bodies entirely, had devised a plan of burning at least a part of the flesh, by means of fires lighted beneath the dead, and fed with heath, sedge, and ferns, whose flame would not be seen far off.

We will end with an extract from Mr. Kemble's Essay on the Notices of Heathen Interment in the Codex:—

It is no rare thing to find an estate or manor in the eleventh century described by the self-same boundaries as occur in a grant of the eighth or ninth. Permanence is, indeed, pre-eminently the character of our landed estate. The holders change, as from age to age the will of God and the accidents of social life may determine, but the land divisions are themselves as permanent as the natural features by which they are defined. Many a manor may even at this day be described with the utmost accuracy by the boundaries given in a grant of Ælfréd or Eadgár. And very striking is the way in which the names given to little hills and brooks still yet survive, often unknown to the owners of the estates themselves, but sacred in the memory of the surrounding peasantry, or the labourer that tills the soil. I have more than once walked, ridden, or rowed, as land and stream required, round the bounds of Anglo-Saxon estates, and have learnt with astonishment that the names recorded in my charter were those still used by the wood-cutter, or the shepherd, of the neighbourhood.

#### THE FAR EAST.\*

THE author of this work appears thirty years ago to have resided at Penang, at Malacca, at Singapore, and in other distant Oriental places, and to have reached the evening of life without the slightest intention of describing his Eastern experiences. But, as he owns, he finds it rather dull at home sometimes, and he was casting about for something to do when Captain Sherard Osbourne's *Quedah* came in his way. He had known Captain Osbourne when that distinguished commander was only a midddy, and he proceeded to carry through a very simple calculation. If a midddy could write an entertaining and graphic account of the Malays by water, why should not he write an account of the Malays by land? The answer to this Rule of Three sum is the book before us, and it certainly gives some account of the Malays, and permits us to form a still more complete notion of the author. The simplicity of the narrative, the shortness of the chapters, and the utter want of all arrangement outstrip all expectation. The midddy was to be rivalled by a succession of short utterances, in two or three largely-printed pages, about all the places, people, and customs that the author could recollect. We are throughout in the region of the infantine—from the beginning, where he tells us that, on first arriving in Dutch India, he saw a graceful recumbent form on his bed, and was agitated by a strange ardour until he found it was merely the bolster, to the end, where a certain Malay, who seemed rich, assures him that expensive sons and daughters had made him poor. On which the author remarks, "If I moralized that evening as we returned to the beach, it was on the vanity of human desires, the futility of human wishes." There is, however, much that is, in its small way, amusing in the book, and something is to be learnt from it. The simplicity of the work lends it reality, and the places and people described are often brought home to us because the author only depicts what he really recollects; nor has he been unobservant or inattentive to the characters of the men with whom he has been brought in contact. We are prepared from the outset to take notice of his descriptions of people, after we have read the account of a certain pious Dutch captain on board whose vessel the author sailed. This man brought out on Sunday a large Dutch Bible, and read attentively, making devout remarks in his best English. At intervals of five and ten minutes he would start up in a rage at his crew, bringing forth a volley of oaths and abuse that frightened the author, but had not the slightest effect on them. He would then sit down to his Bible again, and continue his "pious exercises." It was only after he had got initiated into the mysteries of the Indian social system that the author could understand it. The solution is so simple as to be almost disappointing. It is merely that Europeans in the East speak in a different way to natives from that in which they address their own countrymen.

The author was in the Malay districts while the old system of the East India Company still prevailed there, with its worst failings and in its worst examples. Those were not posts to which any one of great pretensions was likely to go, and they were therefore consigned to the rule of old fogies or old second-rate bullies. No independent European opinion existed to check these governors, and they could gratify their passions or their tastes as they pleased. The author is loud in his denunciations of the system under which such men could be appointed to important posts, and enjoy practical impunity whatever they might do. Nor is it to be denied that the system was bad; but the fault was not only that of the system, but of English society generally. To appoint old, useless, tyrannical governors was by no means the manner of the East India Company only in those days, and there is no reason whatever to suppose that the Malays would have been in the least better off if they had had the favourite of some favourite of George IV. sent out straight from England to rule over them. Certainly the things which the author has to relate of the officials with whom he had to do are rather strong. More especially it seems to have been customary for the chief official to seize on all the land along the sea-shore, and plant nutmeg-trees there. The author came across one old Malay "whose lamentations vied in sublimity with the Psalmist," when he described how he had been turned out of a neat holding, and was like a lonely stork sitting in the midst of a *pyah propok* (reedy swamp). The enterprising official who had been the cause of this misery utilized his acquisition in more than one way; for not only did he get his nutmegs, but, although there was a free ferry maintained by the Government from the shore to an adjacent strip of land, the official discovered that after he had stolen his nutmeg-ground the public could not get to the shore, and so he made them pay toll for the right of passing to the ferry. That many of the Company's officials were well-meaning men in their way the author readily allows, but their better natures had been spoilt. And the one great cause of deterioration he finds in native connexions of a low and illicit kind. The man who consents to live familiarly with natives gets accustomed to the incense of Oriental flattery, and flattery and climate destroy the original independence of the European. The author dwells with great earnestness on this subject, and adduces many instances to show the disastrous consequences of these connexions. Here, however, the East India Company's officials were not to be exclusively blamed. The practice is inherent in the social system of the East, the author thinks, and is not to be eradicated; and the stories he tells of the way in which he himself was beset by most

\* *Some Glimpses into Life in the Far East.* London: Richardson, 1864.

respectable natives who wished to establish their daughters and nieces show how hard it was for a young man to resist, and how little the natives objected to the arrangement.

Perhaps the most amusing part of the book is the account given of different persons, chiefly official, whom the author admired or despised during his residence in the East. His great hero is a Captain Samuel Congalton, "whose actions would have gained him an admiralship had he not had the East India Company between him and Her Majesty." It might be remarked with equal truth that the Bengal civilians would have been sent home without a pension if the East India Company had not been there to give them one. A master in the Company's service must be supposed to have calculated his chances when he chose to serve where there was so little prospect of advancement. However, Captain Congalton was probably a very gallant man, and it is hard to see a capable and gallant man kept down by the rules of any service. He had also the great gift of making his friends laugh at what would seem the barest and poorest jokes. He was famous for the soups served at his table. The ladies always praised them, and asked how they were made. "Why, Madam," Congalton would say, "there is nothing like an old tough cock for making soup, and I always keep several for the purpose." The ladies were invariably kind enough to answer, "Indeed, Captain!" and we are told that his native wit and bluff tenderness made him a great favourite with them, although "he died a bachelor, poor fellow." Governor Bettsworth, on the other hand, a pompous, empty-headed old busybody, with a sham military grandeur, is the author's "black beast." We are told that when this grandee first came to the Straits Settlements he determined to take into his own hands the adjustment of the Chinese land disputes then going on. These were far too intricate and confused for him to make anything of them, and he expressed the general result of his investigations by saying that "the Kyamying's case commenced in a maze of doubts, and ended in a labyrinth of uncertainty." According to the author's account, Governor Bettsworth was appointed to his office over the heads of two very competent men accustomed to the place, because their dinners were not good, while he knew how to approach the hearts of his superiors through their stomachs, and his dinners carried him to fame and prosperity.

Like all books about the East, this has its stories of wise Orientals with beards, and faithful servants and snakes and superstitious, and alligators with a full-grown wild boar inside them. If people do not like descriptions of these things, they had better not seek after glimpses into the Far East. This is the necessary routine through which a writer who undertakes to tell of places like the Straits Settlements must unavoidably go. Perhaps the most entertaining and instructive part of the description of the natives is the history given of two English ships, one of which was taken by the Chinese and the other by the Malays. The general result is that the Malays, although they seem much more obedient and dependent than the Chinese, are more bloody and revengeful if ever they are roused into action. The first English ship was on her voyage from Hong Kong to Bombay, and on board her were thirty or forty Chinese convicts who had been sentenced to transportation. The captain's self-esteem led him to believe that the villains had formed a personal attachment to him, and he was loud in the praises of his faithful Chinese convicts. One night the vessel was lying becalmed when the convicts rose, and in a few minutes murdered the captain and his officers. But when they had got the ship they did not know what to do with it, and steered it to a Malay island near Singapore, where they were instantly seized and handed over to the British authorities. Strange to say, they were tried for the murder by the Supreme Court of Singapore, and were found Not Guilty by an enlightened jury. The English ship taken by the Malays was sailing from Singapore by the Straits of Malacca. A Malay was seen smoking in a part of the vessel where he had no business to be, and the English captain, not knowing how to address him in the Malay language, took a rope's end and applied it to the Malay's back by way of a silent warning. The Malay vowed vengeance and took it. The crew rose in the night and soon despatched the officers, only to wreak a slower and more fearful revenge on the captain's wife and her sister. The details are too shocking to repeat, but if the object in relating them is to show what horrible wretches Malays can be, the end is abundantly answered.

#### BISHOP MACKENZIE.\*

THIS narrative is the modest memorial of one of the worthiest and noblest men ever trained at Cambridge. Bishop Mackenzie, like his predecessor Henry Martyn, died young. He was only thirty-six when the African fever found him out, destitute of medicines and of all kinds of necessary supplies, and laid him low on the little island where he was to have met his friend and adviser, Dr. Livingstone. But his lifetime was not too short for the development of a character remarkable for manly strength and rare simplicity—a character that will not soon be forgotten by his contemporaries at Cambridge or his coadjutors in Natal and on the river Shire, nor, we may add, by any one who reads this unassuming record of his brief labours, which has been compiled in a manner to which he himself could scarcely have objected. Dean Goodwin was undoubtedly the fittest person

to write the life of his friend. He was a Fellow of the same College, and still held his fellowship at the time of Mackenzie's first residence. He assisted in examining him in one of the most important trials of intellectual prowess open to mathematical students at Cambridge, and he afterwards lived with him on terms of close intimacy until Mackenzie gave up University residence in order to accompany the Bishop of Natal to his distant diocese. It is hard to find any fault with the style in which the last friendly office has been in this instance executed. On a first reading, one is disposed to think the book a little overloaded with Bishop Mackenzie's own letters. If this is the case, it is the only blemish in a memoir otherwise conceived and written in excellent taste. And we are by no means sure that it is the case. The letters of an active missionary, vigorously employed in breaking up virgin soil—coming to his desk with hands blistered and cramped, sometimes by navigating his boat up a shallow stream and laboriously working her off banks on which she has got fast, sometimes by felling trees and helping to construct a log parsonage or log church—are not likely to be finished models of composition. They are penned when the writer's spirits are not at the highest point; when he is trying to find, in the very act of unreserved letter-writing, relief from a hundred serious anxieties or petty cares, and from doubts which must often assume formidable proportions to a man a thousand miles removed from books and friendly converse, and which certainly deserve respect even from minds they never assailed, and from minds in whose range of thought they no longer have a place. These considerations may seem to furnish a reason for suppressing altogether the publication of a missionary's correspondence. But in that case we should throw away the most genuine records of a phase of life which, as long as the Christian religion lasts, ought to command wide sympathy and interest. And from the letters of a man like Mackenzie, relating to the conduct of an undertaking like the Universities' Mission, it is an ungracious thing to say that we have here too many extracts. Let the writers of memoirs, however, remember that one of the hardest of the minor tasks of authorship is that of successfully carrying on a narrative into which frequent extracts are inserted. Great care and skill is required at the "joints"; and an appendix is often a useful receptacle for passages from a letter or a speech that seem too good to be omitted, and yet put too heavy a strain on the thread of the book.

Bishop Mackenzie was born at Portmore, in Peeblesshire, in 1825. His eldest brother was Secretary to the Treasury in Lord Derby's first Ministry, and has had his name perpetuated in the "Forbes Mackenzie Act." When he was five years old, the family moved to Edinburgh, and there he received the greater part of his school education, first at a private tutor's, and then at the Academy. Later, he was sent to the Grange School, near Sunderland, where Dr. Dawson Turner (now of Liverpool) was one of the masters; and from thence, in 1844, he went up to St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he soon found scope for the strong mathematical powers of which he had given evidence from very early childhood. He joined the best men of his year in the class of the well-known tutor, Mr. Hopkins; and in the mathematical tripos list of 1848 his name appeared as second wrangler, Mr. Todhunter being the senior of that year. He stood equal with the successful candidate for the second Smith's Prize, which was given (by the provisions of the founder's will in cases of equality) to a Trinity man, Mr. Barry, the present head-master of Cheltenham College. And his election to a Fellowship at Caius, to which College he had early migrated, followed shortly afterwards as a matter of course. Dean Goodwin, who had the best opportunities of forming an opinion, gives this estimate of his intellectual endowments:—

His intellectual superiority was chiefly confined to the domain of mathematical reasoning, and in this department he was undoubtedly very powerful; but a missionary to the Kafirs of Natal, or to the Manganya of the river Shire, has small opportunity for exhibiting this mathematical pre-eminence; and therefore the distinguishing power of Bishop Mackenzie's mind never found any sufficient field for operation. . . . His intellect was in his own peculiar sphere comprehensive, penetrating, manly. This last epithet expresses correctly, in my judgment, though some persons may think it strangely applied, the intellectual character of his mind. Mathematicians have their styles, and one differs much from another. When I examined Mackenzie for the Smith's Prize, as related in this volume, the thing which struck me was the straightforward manner in which he grappled with the problems he endeavoured to solve; his manner was not neat, and did his matter injustice; in one or two cases I was disposed to imagine at first sight that he had quite mistaken the problem, but I always found that however he might have failed to arrive at the result, he had always seized the principle, and with a consciousness of right on his side had worked vigorously and manfully, though perhaps not always successfully.

And Mr. Barry, who for more than two years attended the same private tutor's class with Mackenzie, writes as follows to his biographer:—

What we were struck with was the union in him of great quickness of conception with an unusual comprehensiveness and solidity of understanding. I never remember to have heard from him a single answer which betrayed ignorance or misconception of a principle. He had the true mathematical faculty, the results of which are often simulated in examinations by great powers of memory and judgment; but which, unlike its counterfeit, has real capacity for origination and discovery. In fact, that very quickness and originality seemed to us occasionally to turn him out of the beaten track which leads to the Senate-House. It was not in his way to despise regular system; but he seemed to forget or to ignore it, and would obtain results without that regular evolution of intermediate steps on which Cambridge Examinations naturally and rightly insist.

The unaffected piety of Bishop Mackenzie during his life as an undergraduate is learned from correspondence with his sisters,

\* *Memoir of Bishop Mackenzie.* By Harvey Goodwin, D.D., Dean of Ely. Cambridge: Deighton. London: Bell & Daldy. 1864.



always his trusted counsellors, and afterwards his companions and helpers in Africa. He obtained leave to pay visits to an asylum for poor and infirm people in Cambridge, and was a persevering teacher in the Barnwell Sunday School. But this side of his life was known to few, if any, among his contemporaries in college. He was not understood to be a particularly religious man. He was better known as a 'man jealous of the honour of the college-boat, regularly to be seen on the river, and willing to undergo any amount of labour in the cause of rowing and athletics generally. The strong, simple nature which found nothing incongruous in hard rowing, hard reading, and Sunday School teaching—the manly, modest reserve which threw a veil round habits of practical charity, forming so large an element in his own inner life—were qualities sure to recommend their possessor in the eyes of his undergraduate contemporaries; and we are not surprised to learn that Mackenzie was regarded by his friends as likely to become pre-eminently useful in the character of an ordained resident Fellow. This expectation he fully justified during the few years in which he held his post at Caius. But already, in 1852, he had come to look on the duties of a clerical Fellow as unsatisfactory compared with those of a parish priest. And, with that chivalrous absence of self-regard which dictated his frequent and half-apologetic saying, "If I do not go, no one else will," he soon exchanged the prospect of a parish for the prospect of hard labour in some dark corner of heathendom. Persuaded by his friends to decline an offer of work at Delhi, made to him in 1852, he remained three years longer at Cambridge. But this prolonged residence served only to confirm his final resolution of quitting it as soon as a fair opportunity of foreign work might present itself. Accordingly, in 1855, he embraced with ready acquiescence a proposal made by the Bishop of Natal (Dr. Colenso), who was then in England, that he should accompany him back to his diocese as Archdeacon. After four years passed in various parts of Natal, Archdeacon Mackenzie returned to England, and found Cambridge unusually disposed to listen to communications from Africa, in consequence of the recent visit and lectures of Dr. Livingstone.

In the October term of 1859, the great Senate House Meeting was held, which laid the foundation of the Universities' Mission. Mr. Gladstone, the Bishop of Oxford, and Sir George Grey were the principal speakers; and the very next day delegates from Committees in Oxford and London held a conference with the Cambridge Committee, and resolved on an expedition to Southern Central Africa, in the support of which Dublin and Durham were to be invited to co-operate. A resolution was passed at the same conference to the effect that Mackenzie should be invited to head the mission. An old medical friend had told him that, if he wished to insure his life before starting on this enterprise, and were to apply to any insurance company, they would not estimate his chance of life at more than two years. However, the invitation was accepted at once. Three-quarters of the following year were spent in travelling about the country for the purpose of making known the mission; and in his visits to the three great commercial centres of Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds, Archdeacon Mackenzie was accompanied and seconded by the Bishop of Oxford and Lord Brougham. To help, however remotely, towards the ultimate extirpation of the slave-trade, was one of the recognised objects of the Universities' enterprise; and Lord Brougham welcomed in it the continuation of the war which he had waged strenuously during the best years of his life. In October, 1860, after a memorable farewell service in Canterbury Cathedral, the mission party—or, rather, its first instalment—sailed from Plymouth in the *Cambrian*. The Archdeacon's companions, whose names deserve to be mentioned with honour, were the Rev. L. J. Procter, the Rev. H. C. Scudamore, Mr. H. Waller, the lay superintendent, S. A. Gamble, a carpenter, and Alfred Adams, an agricultural labourer. Mr. Burrup, the only European present at his leader's death, sailed for Africa a few months later. Both he and Mr. Scudamore are now beyond reach of praise and blame, and it will not be invidious to say, what is the simple truth, that by their bravery and endurance they have shed a bright lustre upon the order of English clergymen.

On the first day of 1861, Mackenzie was consecrated Bishop by the Bishops of Cape Town, Natal, and St. Helena, acting in agreement with the expressed desire of Convocation. After many tedious delays, he at last ascended the river Shire with Dr. Livingstone, and by the end of July was settled down at a spot called Magomero. Here he was destined to live and labour only through one short half-year. In January, 1862, it was resolved that the Bishop, accompanied by Mr. Burrup, should meet Dr. Livingstone for consultation on the Malo Island, at the confluence of the Ruu and Shire rivers, and proceed with him to the Cape, in order to meet the ladies of the party, Mrs. Burrup and Miss Mackenzie. On their way down the stream, the two missionaries lost all their medicines and many other necessities by the overturning of their canoe, and when the island was reached, Dr. Livingstone was found to have already passed down on his way to the Cape. The Bishop determined, with excessive and fatal contempt for the virulence of African fever, to await on the island the return of his friends. Both himself and his companion were men of great physical strength and endurance; but life on an African island in mid-stream, without active occupation, without proper food, and without medicine, is more than the strongest European is likely successfully to encounter, and it would seem that a wiser course would have been to return to the Magomero station, or to start down

the river at all risks in pursuit of Dr. Livingstone. The Bishop retained his health and strength for several days, and wrote several letters from the river-island, including a very remarkable one to the Secretary of the Cambridge University Boat Club, urging the clubs of both the great Universities to make the attempt of getting up a suitable craft to navigate the shallow African streams in the interest of the Mission stations. Shortly after writing that letter he was laid low; and on January 31, 1862, he died. Mr. Burrup, after burying the Bishop on the evening of his death, lived to return in great weakness to Magomero, where he, too, shortly afterwards died, principally from the failure of proper food and medicine.

The proceedings of the Bishop and his party during his half-year's residence at Magomero have given rise to a good deal of discussion and to some illiberal criticism. The principal grievance is, that Bishop Mackenzie gave armed assistance to a weaker and friendly African tribe, the Manganja, against a stronger aggressive tribe, the Ajawa. This is not the place to discuss the right or wrong of that policy. We will content ourselves with calling attention to Dean Goodwin's careful statement and fair criticism of the whole transaction, and with subjoining one or two obvious remarks. The particular question of the expediency of the armed enterprise undertaken by the Magomero settlers, and the general question of a clergyman's right to take arms in his hand and use them, are two distinct things. The best friends of Bishop Mackenzie now admit that he mistook—as he could hardly help doing—the actual position of affairs. The Ajawa were not casual marauders. Their hostile appearance was only part of a steady forward movement of occupation and annexation, which has since had full swing. They were (so to speak) the Saxon invaders of Manganja soil; and, after biding their time, the missionaries might have made a favourable impression upon their influential chiefs. But this it was impossible to discern at the time; and the line of conduct open to the Bishop was further narrowed by circumstances which we cannot here stop to detail, and for which he was not responsible. With regard to the question whether a clergyman may engage personally in hostilities, the missionaries were unanimous in holding that, for the purpose of establishing a position for themselves—however promising such a position might appear—that course would be unjustifiable. In protecting the weak, however, against a strong and barbarous enemy, they claimed that clergymen should not be held exempt from duties and perils which every genuine Englishman, if unordained, would willingly incur. This is a matter which will always take colour variously, according to the beliefs and prejudices of different people. The principle of clerical non-intervention is clearly right as a principle; but if missionaries are good for anything, they are surely good enough to have the rare occasions, on which its application is likely to become matter of debate, left to their own discretion.

#### THE MORTONS OF BARDOM.

THERE is no district in England, always excepting what De Quincy called "the nation of London," which offers such abundant material for the novelist as the great seat of the cotton manufacture. Novels of the highest kind are, of course, more or less independent of local colouring and local peculiarities, and the greatest writers will always reproduce the common attributes of human nature rather than the narrow characteristics of a given region. But this is no reason why novelists who are incapable of ascending to the higher spheres of their art should scorn its less ambitious walks. Mr. Toole would make a very strange Hamlet, but he is not the less admirable on that account in his own special line. Readers of novels would derive an immense advantage if the people who publish rapid rhapsodies and sentimentality by the three volumes at once, under the idea that they are depicting the struggles, aspirations, and so on of the eternal human soul, were to sit down to an honest study of some of the phases of actual life, and then work up the results of their observation in the language of common sense. As a field for the novelist, from this point of view, Lancashire is all but unequalled. The shrewdness, industry, ingenuity, and racy uncouthness of that remarkable county would amply repay any writer of fiction who should make the characteristics of cotton lords and cotton hands his special study. Mrs. Gaskell is the only novelist who has been genuinely successful in the representation of Lancashire life. Mr. Dickens attempted it in *Hard Times*, but he is too fond of what is melodramatic and sentimental to depict a race which is less than any other addicted to sentimentality, or a life which is less than any other coloured by melodrama. And *Hard Times*, moreover, was written with a special and temporary purpose—a fact almost incompatible either with correct drawing or breadth of design. The real genius of Lancashire life, alike in the higher and lower social strata, can scarcely be seized by any one who has not been born and brought up in the midst of it. The cleverness, enterprise, recklessness, and curious social aspirations that lie hid under brusque manners and rude speech may not be read by him that runs. The effects, in every direction, of enormous prosperity upon a whole community can only be discovered by those who have the opportunity of watching the process. A stranger, judging superficially, may suppose himself to be among diligent and ingenious savages, or, on the other hand, among a population of high-minded and clear-sighted citizens.

\* *The Mortons of Bardom. A Lancashire Tale.* 3 vols. London: T. C. Newby.

The man who has lived among them, and reflected upon what has passed before his eyes, knows that they are neither one nor the other.

The author of *The Mortons of Bardon* has evidently lived in Lancashire. But though nobody is likely to write a good Lancashire tale who has not complied with this condition, the converse is by no means true, that everybody who has lived in Lancashire is likely to write a good Lancashire tale. Familiarity with the dialect and the habits of a people are not the only ingredients in a readable story. The author has overlooked this, and, what is worse, he has not even used what knowledge he had. Instead of writing a genuine Lancashire tale, he has invented incidents which could never have taken place anywhere, and least of all in the county where he has chosen to imagine them; and he has described them in language of singular inappropriateness. Lancashire people will be astounded at the splendid expressions and tragical deportment of the cotton-spinner in the bosom of his family, and will scarcely recognise the prosaic merchants of the exchange or the mill in the passionate and inflamed beings who stamp and curse and rave through these volumes. If *The Mortons of Bardon* is indeed a tale of Lancashire, all the world must be curiously mistaken in its high opinion of the acuteness of Lancashire people. They must transact their business in a style of which an attorney's clerk in the pettiest town of Wessex would be ashamed. The whole story turns upon a piece of incredible blundering. The Mortons of Bardon are two in number, and stand in the relation to one another of uncle and nephew. John Morton, the elder of the two, is meant as a type of the successful "son of toil." He had begun life as a hand-loom weaver, and had worked his way up, in Lancashire fashion, to great opulence and a commanding local position; he is skilful, industrious, economical, and prudent, but dreadfully "cynical and exacting." "He seldom praised any one, and"—what seems to come to much the same thing—"commendatory remarks were rare." Let us should have any doubt on this point, the author anxiously tells us that, even when these commendatory remarks "were made, they were always so qualified as to be rendered worthless." His nephew Walter was the opposite of all this. He, too, was a cotton-spinner, but he was ingenuous, kind, and clever. The uncle was a Tory, and the nephew a Radical. In the hands of a writer of power these two characters might have illustrated the wide and growing difference between Old and Young Lancashire—between the first generation who created the trade and rose by means of it from obscure poverty to almost unbounded wealth, and their sons who started life with all this wealth to back them. The coarse shrewdness of the sire often contrasts amusingly with the more cultivated shrewdness of the son, and a philosophic observer may smile as a scratch on the University surface of the son reveals the old Adam of ancestral weavers. But the author of the book before us has plainly never spent an hour of his life in reflecting upon any of the really interesting aspects of this extraordinary community. The uncle is simply a hard-hearted villain, and the nephew an infinitely diluted Coningsby, who is very much in love, a great politician, and rather a simpleton. As might be expected, John Morton detests his nephew with a cordiality in which the reader who loves not immaculate virtue and a matchless intellect in the characters of his novel will be fully disposed to sympathise with him. Walter is elected member of Parliament for Bardon, upon which his uncle, partly from vindictiveness, and partly from necessity in consequence of the failure of a bubble speculation, forecloses mortgages which he held over Walter's property, and the new member of Parliament is a ruined man. It is at this point that the credulity of everybody who knows Lancashire men of business is so severely taxed. First of all, Walter Morton refuses to employ a lawyer. He yielded "to a feeling of detestation which he always entertained for law. It seemed to him the last resort for honest people, and his business transactions, large as they were, were really very simple and intelligible." There is something exquisitely absurd in the idea of a member of Parliament and the head of a large business talking stuff such as could only come from the lips of a sentimental governess or be found in the books of some of the most drivelling of Rousseau's followers. Secondly, it is something more than improbable that a business man would allow his enemy to foreclose a mortgage without ever troubling himself so far as to look for the accounts of dealings between them, and without inquiring whether the mortgage had been paid off. Walter Morton knew that the leaves of the ledger containing the proper accounts had been torn out, but his chivalrous detestation of law, we presume, would not allow him to use the discovery. He accordingly resigns his seat, surrenders his betrothed, pays twenty shillings in the pound, and determines to go to Australia. He expresses this determination in some marvellously fine language, moved, as the author says, by a transport of "pale passion":—

"Do you think," said he impetuously, "that I could thrive here? Look at the depth of my fall! Yesterday, rich, honoured, a member of the legislature of my country! To-day a penniless adventurer, without a relation upon the earth! And my name the synonyme for all that is empty, spurious, false, vain, and pretensions, pictured by my life; or the symbol of all that is greedy, gross, vindictive, base, illustrated by my uncle's. With such a picture would I darken her life and cross her path like a driven hound!" As he spoke his chest heaved, his eyes gleamed with unnatural lustre, and he rose to his feet, trembling with emotion.

This is Lancashire distress indeed! A man need neither be cynic nor uncle to dislike a young gentleman who could rave in this fashion. Other people in the book talk equally magnificently,

and the author more magnificently than any of them. Horses are "prancing steeds, driven almost to madness by the crack of the whip." Luncheon is "the intermediate repast." When Walter Morton addresses a noisy British mob from the hustings, "the fire of genius unquestionably darting from his eye seems to burn into their souls." The same love-stricken cotton-spinner, upon receiving a favourable reply from the object of his affections, exclaims, "Then am I blest indeed! God keep me true to you, Miss Graham, and make me worthy of your priceless love"; after which there follows a tremendous meditation upon the blessedness of love, "which, like a sun amidst a star-sprent space, rays out its own fair nature in bright gleams of joy." Of another person we are told that, "with the true courtesy of a great soul he did the attentive in all its minutiae;" and then, as an instance of the minutiae of the attentive, "he led the way to Chris's bedroom with the dignified chivalry of a mediæval knight." The true courtesy of this great soul occasionally shows itself in elegant "chaff" of his wife, for "when he achieves a success he praises her, and with a queer but quizzical look tells her that 'there is some good in her after all—she is worth her meat, and five pounds a quarter.'" If this is dignified chivalry, it is perhaps not to be regretted that the age of chivalry is no more. The dénouement of the story is very common-place. The lost pages of the ledger are discovered in a hidden cupboard, and it then appears as a matter of course that the mortgage had been paid off, and that the indebtedness was on the other side. John Morton dies conveniently, and tolerably like a Christian; while Walter returns home, recovers his property and his betrothed, and doubtless continues to declaim long rhapsodies to the end of his days. We only hope that the author will never introduce him into any other novel which it may be our fortune to read. A rhapsodical cotton-spinner with a Quixotic hostility to law and lawyers is a being whom we have no fear of encountering in real life. The wonder is how anybody who had ever spent a week in Lancashire could think of introducing such a creature as a representation of anything to be found in that county. We should say with confidence that *The Mortons of Bardon* was the work of some sentimental lady, were it not for the fact that there are many young men who think and write exactly like sentimental ladies.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

*SMALL Historical Writings*\*, by Professor Von Sybel, is a collection of lectures delivered by him in various places and at various times. They extend over a very wide range of subjects. The first is upon the "Political Attitude of the Early Christians," and the eleventh and last is devoted to a discussion upon "The Development of Absolute Monarchy in Prussia;" and between those two extremes every variety of historical subject is discussed. There is one about Catharine of Russia, and another about the second crusade; one about the first appearance of the German race in history, and another about Prince Eugene of Savoy. All of them, in point of eloquence and power, are worthy of their distinguished author. They have not all the value that attaches to his more formal historical works, for they have evidently been more hastily composed. The style is more diffuse and more lax, the contents are less abounding in minute research, and the reflections do not bear the same marks of intense and compressed thought. But still, though these essays will probably live in the esteem of posterity chiefly because they proceed from the pen of the historian of the great revolutionary period, they have considerable value of their own. Perhaps they reveal the real mind and tendencies of the author better than the more elaborate works in which extreme opinions were expressed with mere reserve. Those of the essays which deal with questions of religion indicate a class of opinions which would not be received patiently by the majority of people in this country. They belong to that phase of belief which has been designated among us as "unhistorical Christianity." In other words, the author values the moral and spiritual teaching of Christianity, but appears to disbelieve, or at all events to disregard, the supernatural narrative upon which it rests. Some of the essays have a peculiar interest to us as Englishmen. One of them is devoted to a description of the various national uprisings which were provoked by the cruel domination of the first Napoleon. It commences with an account of the popular war in Spain, and incidentally of the campaigns and victories of the Duke of Wellington. The picture is drawn as by a friend of England, in colours highly flattering to our national pride; and the character of the Duke of Wellington is described with great judgment. The merit and power of his character is correctly attributed, not to his genius—which, though great, was inferior to that of Napoleon—but to his moral qualities. Some of the passages in which he dwells upon the peculiarities of the English temper as regards war are not without interest to the author's countrymen, even at this moment. The following, which appears to have been written shortly after the Crimean war, is an illustration:—

It is generally the English habit to go into every war with circumspect hesitation, and in their war administration to show a superfluity neither of precision nor despatch; we have seen that in the present day, and see it daily. But only a perfect ignorance of English affairs could draw from thence the inference that the strength or the ambition of that powerful

\* *Kleine Historische Schriften*. Von H. von Sybel. München: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.



people had diminished, for the same phenomenon was visible a hundred and two hundred years ago. The English of those times were just as much the last to begin and the last to conclude a war.

Another of the essays which will be interesting to English readers is one upon "Burke and Ireland." Burke's political connexion with Irish affairs was by no means the most prominent portion of his life, and the essay deals therefore a great deal more with Ireland than with Burke. It is, in fact, a history of the progress of freedom in that country from the first outbreak of the American war till the time of the Union. Consistently with the opinion always advanced in his more formal works, Professor Von Sybel is a great admirer of the younger Pitt. He even reproaches our countrymen with the want of appreciation we have generally shown for him, and the absence of any Life of him worthy of his greatness. With regard to some of the principal crises of Pitt's career, he takes the more favourable view that has prevailed in recent years. He holds that the negotiations commenced in 1796 were undoubtedly sincere, and that Pitt was quite in earnest in his desire for peace. The party that was not in earnest was the Directory. Both had their eyes fixed on Ireland, and derived from it their respective motives in the negotiation. To Pitt it was a point of so much danger that he was willing to consent to any bearable conditions of peace in order to avoid its being attacked; and to the Directory it was an object of so much hope that they only negotiated in order to gain time for preparation. Again, with respect to the crisis of 1801, Von Sybel casts away the suspicion, which was invented by the party spirit of that time, that Pitt only resigned upon the Catholic question in order to pass the invidious task of making an inevitable peace into other hands. He acquits Pitt of any such shrinking from responsibility. The resignation was the necessary result of Lord Loughborough's treachery and the obduracy of George III. With regard to the later Government of Ireland by England, his verdict is favourable to this country; and, pronounced as it was in the year 1847, when the results of that rule were showing in their most unfavourable light, it must carry considerable weight. The policy of which Pitt laid out the plan, but which prejudice and conflicting interest allowed to be only slowly carried out in detail, was the best that could be done for Ireland. The dream of an independent nationality, in a nation which was half Saxonized, was several centuries out of date. Burke is introduced evidently for no other reason than to furnish a text for a dissertation upon Irish questions, and the view taken of his character by the author is not one of blind admiration. There are several other essays in the book which merit attention—especially the one with which it concludes, in which the thesis is argued out that the historical development of monarchy in Prussia demands for its completion a free representative system. It is characteristic of the mode of warfare which has hitherto been pursued by the Prussian patriots with such indifferent success that they should attach the slightest value to political projectiles of this kind.

The *Life of Kapodistrias*\* by Dr. Karl Mendelssohn Bartholdy comes opportunely at a time when so much attention is directed to the affairs of Greece. It is founded upon original documents preserved in the archives at Corfu, as well as upon the large compilation of the correspondence of Kapodistrias, which has been published at Geneva and elsewhere. It is well written, and less tedious than so long a biography might be expected to be; and it gives a fuller account of the career of the subject of it than any previous work. It is wholly free from the defect inherent in most biographies—what Lord Macaulay calls the *lues Boswelliana*. The author has no tendency whatever to over-estimate the merits of his hero. If anything, his inclination is the other way. He allows Kapodistrias the merit of a considerable list of private virtues—such as temperance, chastity, devotion, and the like. But there his eulogy ends. He denies him all claim to real statesmanship, as well as to real patriotism. His personal predilections were not Greek, but Russian; his actuating motives were those of simple personal ambition. His plan of government was tolerable neither in its theory nor in its effects. His aim was to set up an enlightened despotism, after the fashion of Frederick of Prussia or Joseph of Austria—to extirpate all abuses in the administration of the law, to diffuse education, to prosecute public works, to encourage trade, and to allow even a limited expression of opinion on the part of a well-tamed press, but to repel any attempts on the part of the governed to claim a share in their own government. Even the better part of this programme the President Kapodistrias failed to realize in any degree. The cause of his failure may have lain in the character of the people, corrupted by centuries of servitude, and liberated by a ferocious civil war. But the author is inclined to impute the failure chiefly to the utter incapacity of Kapodistrias to sustain the character of enlightened despot which he had assumed. He displayed a superhuman activity in the construction of laws, but he was ill-educated, and his mind was incapable of deep reflection; and consequently his legislation had little relation to the real needs of the people he was governing. Even at the moment of the President's assassination, the author can hardly relax the severity of his criticism; and he shows a good deal more sympathy for the assassin, George Mauromichalis, than for his unhappy victim. Kapodistrias was the representative of the "grande idée," or at least has been looked on in that character by the nation which

soon had cause to mourn his loss; and as the author is hostile to that policy, it is possible that he may judge Kapodistrias' career more harshly than he would otherwise have done.

*Memoirs and Letters of Dr. Karl Vogel*\* will hardly excite much general interest. It is a biography of a gentleman who was a successful schoolmaster at Leipzig, and who is said, by his affectionate daughter who writes his life, to have done great things for the cause of Grammar-schools in Leipzig. His only other title to distinction is that he was the brother of Dr. Emil Vogel, who attained to some eminence as an African traveller. The life being uneventful, the volume has been made up to a respectable size by a compilation of the letters of the hero, which are of the sentimental and instructive type. The whole is of an earnest and anti-frivolous kind; highly edifying in its character, and very suitable for the Sunday perusal of those who desire to combine progress in their German studies with a due observance of the religious duty of abstaining from amusing books. But for week-day reading it is unquestionably dull.

A statistical work of rather a remarkable character has been published by M. Kuhnast†, a Government official, with respect to the statistics of a part of Prussian Poland. It is an account of the statistics of each township into which the circles of Goldap, Margrabowa, Lyck, Lötzen, Johannisberg, and Lensburg are divided, and the statistics in each case consist of the following items:—1. The acreage; 2. The number of cattle, &c.; 3. The number of buildings; 4. The number of inhabitants; 5. The amount of taxes paid; 6. The amount of county-rate; 7. The communal-rate; 8. The school-rate. A more complete census it would be difficult to imagine; and it is much to be regretted that England in this respect is yet far behind a country even so backward as Polish Prussia. The most curious results which it presents to the English eye are those which are conveyed by the school-rate. The amount paid in each township (*Dorf*) varies very much; but the average payment does not seem to exceed about two guineas a year, together with an allowance of hay, straw, wood, and rye. Two or three or sometimes more schools appear to be often put together, especially where the payment falls a good deal below this average; but in any case the prospect is far from inviting.

*Adam and his Race*‡ is a German answer to Bishop Colenso, which is a bewildering inversion of the ordinary sequence of things. It does not seem to differ materially from the worst type of the same class of theology in England. The author belabours the scientific men with great energy, and especially the geologists. His view is that Adam wrote the first chapters of the book of Genesis himself, which, he justly observes, would be an unquestionable guarantee of their authenticity. They were then successively added to by each patriarch until they reached safely down to the time of Moses. The differences in the detail with which the history is set forth would, on this theory, be the result of the different literary capacities of the various patriarchs. Methuselah, for instance, though he lived a long time, was not addicted to composition, and has consequently left us a very meagre record of his experiences. Jacob, on the other hand, evinced a decided liking for authorship. The theory has, at all events, the merit of novelty. With respect to geological discoveries, the author is contemptuous, but hesitates to reject them altogether. He does not like to admit that the earth, or any portion of it, was deposited, as he forcibly observes it is said to have been "created;" and creation and deposition are very different things. But he comforts himself with the reflection that, after all, the geologists have not got very deep; and that the mere crust of the earth may be disregarded as immaterial. With regard to fossil monsters, he appears to incline to the opinion that they were mostly destroyed by the flood; but the legends which have prevailed in various countries touching griffins, dragons, and the like, induce him to believe that a few of them must have escaped by accident. In his preface there is a curious specimen of the kind of language into which an arguer of this sort can be betrayed. He is speaking of the Scriptural proofs for the personality of the Principle of Evil, and he closes his argument by saying, "People will be astonished to hear that Satan is to a certain extent (*gewisser-massen*) the principal person in the Bible." The celebrated passage in Josephus concerning our Saviour, over whose authenticity so many controversial battles have been fought, has been subjected to a fresh examination by Dr. Gerlach. He approaches the subject from the *à priori* point of view. He does not attempt to solve the question of genuineness from the style of the passage itself, but directs his inquiries to the sentiments which it is most likely that Josephus would have entertained. He first establishes that Josephus was not, as has been generally supposed, a Pharisee, but an Essene. He then goes on to prove by collation of a large number of passages that he was a firm believer in the prophecies of the Old Testament, and among them in the coming of a Messiah. But he also undertakes to prove that the Messiah for whom Josephus looked must have been a temporal prince, sent

\* *Notizen und Briefe über und von Dr. C. Vogel. Ein Lebensbild von seiner Tochter Elise Polko. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.*

† *Nachrichten über Grundbesitz, Viehstand, Bevölkerung und öffentliche Abgaben der Ortschaften in Masurien, nach amtlichen Quellen mitgeteilt. Von Kuhnast, Reg. Rath. Gumbinnen: Kuhnast. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.*

‡ *Die Weissagungen des Alten Testaments in den Schriften des Flavius Josephus. Von Dr. E. Gerlach. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.*

\* *Graf Johann Kapodistrias. Von Dr. Karl Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Berlin: Mittler. London: Williams & Norgate. 1864.*

to restore by arms the fallen fortunes of his race. This proved, of course it follows inevitably that the disputed passage was not agreeable to the sentiments Josephus really entertained, and therefore must have been either interpolated whole or materially modified by some later hand. The work is written with learned calmness; and though the subject dealt with has been the battlefield of many bitter struggles, there is nothing polemical in the treatment.

*The Darwinian Theory and Philology*\* is an ingenious application of Mr. Darwin's doctrines to a purpose for which originally they were certainly not intended. M. Schleicher contends that there is a close analogy between the genesis of species in natural science and in philology. The philologist, like the naturalist, is puzzled by the phenomenon of classes possessing well-marked and apparently ineffaceable points of difference, and yet at the same time presenting tokens of a unity of origin which it is difficult to explain away. The one, as the other, is tempted to say that his science is concerned with the divergences of descendants originally bred from one common ancestor. The law of natural selection, in the one case as in the other, will account for the wide intervals that separate the existing divergent types. The divergences in each case were produced accidentally, as it were, and developed themselves at first in innumerable forms. But all could not co-exist, for the conditions of existence would only tolerate a few. Those which by their suitability were best fitted to endure triumphed over their weaker rivals, and remained and increased while the others perished. The varieties of the primeval language were countless at first, and only separated by infinitesimal gradations; but those from which the Indo-Germanic and the Turanian and the Semitic descend, being better fitted than their competitors for the purposes of human society, drove them out of use, and remain now alone, apparently parted as far as if they had been created separate. It is a curious coincidence that the same ingenious theory should solve the mysteries inherent in sciences whose subject-matter is so totally different.

*The Financial Condition of Lower Austria in the Sixteenth Century*† is the name of a curious pamphlet containing historical statistics upon a subject on which history is usually taciturn. It contains an account of the financial resources which the inhabitants of Lower Austria had at their command during the obstinate struggles with the Turks which marked the sixteenth century. The account of the resources is very full, including, of course, resources in kind as well as those in money; and it is needless to say that taxation in our sense of the word formed one of the smallest items.

Two volumes of lectures upon *Man and his Place in the Creation*‡, by Carl Vogt, are occupied with a discussion of the controversy which has been raging furiously for some years, especially in England, concerning the exact width of the gulf which separates man from the rest of the animal creation. M. Vogt reduces it to the minimum. He does his best to prove that all the differences which have been found in the great toe or the hippocampus major have no real existence. He equally refuses to recognise any essential difference in moral or intellectual qualities. In his view, the difference between man and beast is less than the difference between one beast and another.

\* *Die Darwinische Theorie und die Sprachwissenschaft.* Von A. Schleicher. Weimar: Bohlau. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Die Finanz-Lage Nieder-Österreichs im sechzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von K. Oberleiter. Wien: Gerold. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

‡ *Vorlesungen über den Menschen; seine Stellung in der Schöpfung.* Von C. Vogt. Gressen: 1863. London: Williams & Norgate.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**—Under the Management of Miss LOUISE FINE and Mr. W. HARRISON.—New Opera. Genuine voices. On Monday, February 22, and during the Week, the new Opera by G. A. Macfarren, *THE STOOPS TO CONQUER*. Miss Louisa Fyne, Miss Anna Elles, Messrs. Weiss, H. Corri, G. Ferren, and W. Harrison. Conductor—Mr. A. Mellon. After which the Baroque Opening of *ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON*. Doors open at Half-past Six. Commence at Seven. Box Office open daily from Ten till Five.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—On Monday next, February 22, will be repeated, by general desire, Mozart's *Sextet*. Executants—M.M. Viouxtemps, Klee, Webb, C. Harper, Standen, and Payne. Mr. Charles Hallé will play Beethoven's Sonata in G. Op. 14, for Pianoforte alone. Vocalists—Miss Banks and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor—Mr. Benoit. Seats Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co's, 30 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28 Finsbury.

**MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY,** will appear in an entirely novel Egyptian Entertainment, entitled *THE PYRAMID*, written by Shirley Brooks, Esq., every Evening (except Saturday), at Eight. Saturday Mornings at Three.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14 Regent Street.

**INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS,** 43 Pall Mall.—The EXHIBITION of CARL WERNER'S celebrated SERIES of DRAWINGS—Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and the Holy Places—NOW OPEN.—Admission, One Shilling.

**THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, W.—SESSION 1864.**

The following LECTURES will be Delivered in the Theatre of the South Kensington Museum:—  
Tuesday, March 1... *THE INFLUENCE OF LOCAL SCENERY ON LOCAL ARCHITECTURE.* By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A.  
Tuesday, March 15... *DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES TO ART-WORKMEN, with an ADDRESS on the POSITION of the ART-WORKMAN.* By A. J. B. BARNARDON Esq., M.A., D.C.L., President.  
Tuesday, March 20... *EARLY BRICKWORK IN ENGLAND.* By the Rev. E. L. CUTTS, M.A.  
Tuesday, April 12... *JUDGING from the PAST and PRESENT, WHAT are the PROSPECTS for GOOD ARCHITECTURE IN LONDON?* By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.  
Tuesday, April 26... *THE INTERIOR of a GOTHIC MINSTER.* By the Rev. MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, M.A., F.S.A.  
Tuesday, May 10... *THE MONUMENTAL ARCHITECTURE and SCULPTURE of this COUNTRY during the MIDDLE AGES.* By M. H. BLOKAM, Esq., Hon. Local Sec.  
Tuesday, May 24... *PAINTED GLASS in its CONNECTION with ARCHITECTURE.* By the Rev. G. AYLIFFE POOLE, M.A.  
Tuesday, June 7... *THE MEDIEVAL HOUSES of the CITY of WELLS.* By J. H. PARKER, Esq., F.S.A., Hon. Local Sec.  
The Chair will be taken on each Evening at Eight o'clock precisely.

The Particulars of the PRIZES to ART-WORKMEN for 1864 will shortly be announced.

Art-Workmen may apply for Cards of Admission by Letter, addressed to JOSEPH CLARKE, Esq., at 13 Stratford Place, W., and personally at the Offices of the "Builder," York Street, Covent Garden, and "Building News," 106 Fleet Street.

A. J. B. BARNARDON HOPE, President.  
GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT, Treasurer.  
JOSEPH CLARKE, Hon. Sec.

February 1864.

Terms of Subscription to the Architectural Museum, including Admission to the whole of the Collections in the South Kensington Museum.—Members (including Orders for admitting Visitors or Art-Workmen, and additional Cards for Lectures), £1 is. per Annum, or a Life Subscription of £10 is. Students, 10s. per Annum. Art-Workmen, 5s. per Annum. Full particulars may be had on application to the Honorary Secretary.

**INSTITUTION of NAVAL ARCHITECTS.—NOTICE.**—The FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING of the INSTITUTION of NAVAL ARCHITECTS will take place on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 17th, 18th, and 19th of March next, at the Hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London; Morning Meetings at Twelve, and Evening ditto at Seven.

Papers on the Principles of Naval Construction; on Practical Shipbuilding; on Steam Navigation; on the Equipment and Management of Ships for Merchandise and for War, will be read at this Meeting.

Naval Architects, Ship Builders, Naval Officers of the Royal and Merchant Services, and Engineers, who propose to read Papers before the Institution, are requested to send immediate notice of the Subject and Title of the Paper to the Secretary; and it is requested that the Paper itself, with illustrative drawings, be deposited at the Offices of the Institution on or before the 7th of March next.

Candidates for admission as Members, or as Associates, must send in their applications on or before the 1st of March next. The Annual Subscription of £1 2s. is payable on admission, and becomes due at the commencement of each succeeding year.

Volume IV. of the "Transactions" is now complete, and its delivery to the Members and Associates will take place immediately.

7 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

D. TRICE, Assist.-Secretary.

**ART-UNION of LONDON.**—Subscription, One Guinea.—Prizeholders select from the Public Exhibitions. Every Subscriber has a chance of a valuable Prize, and in addition, receives a handsomely-bound folio copy of Colledge's poem of "The Ancient Mariner," illustrated by 30 Plates, designed expressly for this Society by J. Noel Paton, R.S.A. The Work is now ready for delivery.

444 West Strand, Feb. 1864.

GEORGE GODWIN, } Hon. Secs.  
LEWIS FOCOCK, }

**ART-UNION of LONDON.—To SCULPTORS.**—The Models to be submitted in Competition for the Premium of £500 offered by this Society are to be delivered at the Museum, South Kensington, on Tuesday, March 1, between the hours of Ten and Four.

444 West Strand, February 17, 1864.

GEORGE GODWIN, } Hon. Secs.  
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**THE OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE EDUCATIONAL UNION** provides Heads of Families and Principals of Schools with TUTORS. Graduates may hear of Tutorships through the Union.

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**HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.**

The SENIOR HALF-TERM begins March 2.

The JUNIOR HALF-TERM, April 13.

Prospectuses, containing Terms and names of Professors, may be had on application.

**INDIA CIVIL SERVICE.—GENTLEMEN** desiring to qualify themselves for the COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION required of CANDIDATES for the above are prepared by A. D. SPRAGUE, M.A., 15 Princes Square, Raywater, W. Teachers of Eminence in Sanskrit, the Higher Classics and Mathematics, German, Italian, French, Mental, Moral, and Experimental Science, &c. are in constant attendance. Numerous references can be given to Candidates who have passed high from this Establishment at each of the Competitive Examinations during the last Five Years.

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